

# From Domination to Genocide

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Summary: Palpatine is dead, killed when the Invisible Hand was destroyed by a crashing Republic ship. Both the Republic and the CIS are in disarray. But when Mand'alor the Preserver is found on an uninhabited world, the war turns. Data found by Mand'alor points to a new galaxy, a place they can rebuild. But when they find a war going on, one of Genocide, will they flee, or will they fight?

## 1. Prologue

Reach

July 25, 2552

In orbit over Reachâ€¦

Shipmaster Batsca Arassee' of the \_Unending Faith \_looked down upon the planet below him. It was a blue-green world, a garden world populated by the blights known simply to the Covenant people as one word.

"\_Humans\_." Krassee' said disdainfully. They were a disease, an unfortunate event, an eye sore. They were unneeded in the galaxy; which was why the Covenant had come here, to exterminate them with extreme prejudice. But first, their fleet would have to go down first, before the planet could be invaded, and then glassed. Glassing was the process in which a large fleet of warships, such as the Covenant's, would go into low orbit in tight formation. They would then use their "Cleansing Beams" to reduce the surface of the planet to radioactive sands. This was only after the human defenses were toppled, and only a handful remained. Krassee' gave the Sangheili equivalent of a smile as he thought about cleansing the human world.

"Shipmaster!" The navigations officer called.

"What is it?" Krassee' asked.

"Multiple energy readings coming from unidentified ships reported at the edge of this system. They are neither human nor our own." He said.

"Shipmaster, there is an incoming communication coming from the unidentified ships!" The comn officer called.

"Put it through!" Krassee' said sharply. On the view screen a helmeted human appeared. The human's helmet was grayish-black, with a black visor running up through the middle of the helmet, up the top, forming a sort of T shape.

"To the forces of the Covenant armada, your war of genocide ends here and now. Your gods cannot protect you from what is to come, and you will soon be on your news begging for mercy when we are through. I am Mand'alor the Preserver, and I side with the UNSC!" The screen went black. Elites had studied the basic language of humanity, and Krassee' had understood every word.

"Shipmaster, the unidentified ships have launched fighters!" The navigations officer cried out.

"Prepare our pulse lasers, divert full power to weapons!" Krassee' yelled.

"Sir, we have an incoming transmission from the Fleetmaster!" The comms officers said. The view screen showed an image of a Sangheili in golden armor.

"Brothers, we are being assaulted on two fronts. Deploy the bulk of your forces to the planet below, but leave a portion of them on your ship. We may be boarded, and not one ship must fall into the enemies' hands, lest they use our technology against us." The Fleetmaster said gravely. "I am sending targeting solutions to you all now. May the Gods be with us all." The Fleetmaster's image faded from the view screen. The targeting solutions arrived at the \_Unending\_ \_Faith\_, and the battle for Reach began.

1000 years ago

Unknown planet, Outer Rim

The sharp blasts of blaster fire could be heard throughout the compound. Alarm claxons wailed, as did the wounded. Throughout the compound, bodies of humans and droids alike were scattered everywhere. Discarded gas cartridges were strewn about, nearly as numerous as the bodies. The combatants were those of the Exchange, a group of treacherous criminals in search of profit, versus the hardened veteran soldiers of the galaxy: the Mandalorians. The Exchange guards were the only ones that had fallen, as well as their droids. The Mandalorians would never fall to scumbags like these.

"Guard on your left Cassan!" A blue armored Mandalorian called to his comrade. The other blue armored Mandalorian, Cassan, spun to his left and let off a triple burst of sonic pulses. The pulses each hit their mark, deafening the Exchange guard before causing his internals to explode.

"Heavy droid coming up on your right Nacacs!" Cassan called to his comrade. Nacacs rolled backwards, seeking shelter from the droid's heavy fire. A Mandalorian in black armor and a T-visor rolled forward, throwing a thermal detonator at the droid. It hit the droid once in the head, bounced to the ground, and exploded in a ball of orange-white light. The blast caught the droid and three other guards. The Mandalorian dived into cover behind a pillar, and started taking short, 2 burst shots at a pair of guards hiding behind an overturned table. Cassan and Nacacs moved forward, suppressing the guards as other Mandalorians poured through the blast doors behind them. Several Mandalorians threw detonators at the opposite side of the room, killing off the remaining guards. A Mandalorian in red armor walked through, accompanied by two others in blue armor. The Mandalorian in black stood and looked at the one in red.

"About damn time you got here Kelborn!" The black one said.

"My apologies \_Mand'alor\_, they magnetically sealed several doors in our path, and we were forced to go around. I sent teams back to unseal them for a quicker escape." Kelborn said to his leader. Mand'alor nodded.

"Still should have gotten here faster, Kelborn. You must be getting old." Mand'alor said evilly. Kelborn crossed his arms over his chest and looked at his leader.

"Oh really, maybe you're the one getting old, allowing some simple mercs to get the drop on you like that." Kelborn replied.

"They had equipment that was messing with my sensors. If you want proof, here's one of them." Mand'alor said, pulling a small cylinder from his pocket. Kelborn face palmed himself.

"You have an answer to everything, don't you sir?" He asked. Mand'alor merely shrugged.

"Mand'alor, door's opened!" A Mandalorian sergeant called. The door opened, and a hail of blaster fire erupted from the room. The Mandalorians dove and rolled away from the door, seeking shelter anywhere they could.

"I want a pack of cryo grenades in there, yesterday!" Kelborn yelled. A group of Mandalorians pulled small, blue grenades from their belts. Their comrades gave them cover as they dashed to the door, set off the grenades, and tossed them in. A few muffled thumps came from the room, and the veteran soldiers poured in. The cryo grenades had frozen the Exchange staff where they stood, and many had horrified expressions on their faces. One of them, a very important looking staff member had everything below his neck frozen solid. He was blubbering madness as Mand'alor approached.

"Are you Head of security here?" Mand'alor asked very calmly. The Exchange man nodded very quickly. "Good, 'cause you're going to give me the access codes to this compound's database, including all classified material. Otherwise, there will be a nice big hole right in between your eyes. How does that sound?" Mand'alor said very slowly, enunciating every word like he was talking to a toddler. The Exchange guard began to cry as he nodded.

"I-I-In my shirt pocket, upper-right side!" He managed to say before

breaking out into a flood of tears. Mand'alor simply punched a hole in the ice where the pocket was located. He pulled the code key out of the pocket and looked at it.

"Thank you very much." Mand'alor said. The guard did not notice Mand'alor slowly reach for his blaster pistol.

"S-So you'll let me live?" The guard sobbed.

"Yes I will." Mand'alor said. The guard stopped sobbing; he looked as if he could faint from joy right now. "In the Afterlife, I mean." Mand'alor drew his pistol so fast the guard didn't even see the bolt of red light hit him dead between his eyes. As the guard's head slumped to his icy chest, Mand'alor walked over to the terminal directly behind the guard's corpse. He entered the code key as Kelborn walked over.

"All guards have been eliminated, Mand'alor." Kelborn said as Mand'alor punched in the code key. As the terminal started rolling off data Mand'alor turned back to his second.

"Good, have some of the boys take care of the weapons. Scavenge the base for whatever you can, and take it back to the ship. The clans of Mandalor will rise from the ashes with a vengeance." Mand'alor said triumphantly. Kelborn nodded, and then turned to walk away when more alarm klaxons went off. Mand'alor turned back to the terminal to see a warning symbol on the screen. Under the words, it said, "\*\*\*WARNING, EXPERIMENTAL WAR DROIDS REALEASED, WAR DROIDS ARE TRAGETING ALL ORGANICS AS HOSTILE!\*\*\*" "Kelborn, evacuate the boys to this location.\*\*\*" \*\*Mand'alor said, bringing up a map and pointing to a large room that said, "\*\*\*CRYO TESTING LABORATORY\*\*\*."

"As you wish, Mand'alor." Kelborn said, bowing before dashing off.

"You two, Cassan and Nacacs, come over here, quickly!" Mand'alor said, waving over the two Mandalorians. The pair dashed over to their leader from their spot at the door. "I need you two to get to the ship and warn the others. If you don't hear back from me or Kelborn within a full day, leave the planet and go back to Mandalore." He said quickly. He took something from his belt and handed it to Cassan. It was a cylindrical tube that was white with several buttons on it. "After that go to Courscant, Senatorial Residential Building #28,344 apartment number 117, and tell Mrs. Shan, I'm sorry, I didn't find him in time." Mand'alor said. He could only imagine the confused looks on these soldiers' faces as they listened to his instructions. They nodded and ran for the door. After they left, Mand'alor downloaded the data to his datapad and armor uplink. He shut down the terminal and ran for the Cryo lab as a hail of blue energy beams slammed into the wall where he just was. He sprinted down several corridors before reaching the door. The door slowly began to close and Mand'alor dived through, rolling with the impact.

"About time you got here, sir." Kelborn said. Mand'alor gave the Mandalorian equivalent of the middle finger to Kelborn as he stood. As Mand'alor observed the room, he noticed dozens of pods lying horizontal to the ground that contain beds.

"I'm assuming these pods flash freeze us for a specified amount of time, or until someone opens them." Mand'alor said to Kelborn.

"That seems to be the purpose, sir." Kelborn said. An artificial voice came over the intercom.

"\*\*WARNING, CRYOGENICS LAB DOORS HAVE BEEN MAGNETICALLY SEALED. PASSCODES ARE REQUIRED TO ACCESS THE LABS.\*\*" The voice said. Mand'alor froze. He dashed to the doors and attempted to use the codes from the guard to open them. They didn't work at all.

"Stang, we're locked in! Cassan, do you read me?" Mand'alor said desperately, trying to contact the young Mandalorian. There was only static. For 2 hours the Mandalorian veterans attempt to open the doors, but nothing worked. "Gentlemen, it has been an honor serving with you, but I now must order you all too each get into one of the cryo pods. Hopefully someone will come back to get us, but we must wait out the lockdown. May your ancestors keep you safe." Mand'alor said. The Mandalorians replied in kind before going to their pods. Mand'alor slowly stepped into his pod, and watch the door close over the pod. He then felt a very cold sensation, and his eye lids became too heavy keep up. Before he drifted off, he swore he heard explosions in the background. Then he knew no more. Outside, Cassan and Nacacs stood waiting for a full day, afterwards they left the planet. They named it after their goal there, Resurrection. And for 1,000 years, Canderous Ordo, also called Mand'alor the Preserver, slept without disturbanceâ€|

## 2. Chapter 1: Wake up and smell the Fire

9 months before the battle of Reach, 1000 years after Mand'alor the Preserver's disappearance from galactic historyâ€|

The first thing Mand'alor felt was an icy pain shooting through his armored body. As he opened his lips to scream, he found them stuck together by ice and his skin peeled away when his mouth opened. His movement was stiff as he tried to move, his eyes pounded as he opened them, his head felt like it was going to explode as every thought and action was sent through his nervous system to his brain. Mand'alor heard a snap-hiss, and a bright light filled his eyes, forcing him to shield them with his aching arm. He felt a hand on his left side, and he shook it off. The momentum caused him to roll off of the bed his was laying and hit the floor with a metallic thud. Pain shot through Mand'alor's body as he lay on the floor, panting hard.

"Easy there, you are in the care of friends." A filtered voice said. Mand'alor's vision cleared slightly. He saw a figure crouching over him in blue-silver-gray armor, and another standing just behind him in green-gray armor. Both suits of armor were Mandalorian.

"Are you Mandolorians?" Mand'alor asked his voice cracking. The one in blue nodded.

"Yes, Mand'alor, we follow you."He said. Mand'alor nodded, and passed out.

A few days laterâ€|

Mand'alor snapped awake, and his eyes scanning the room, only to snap shut at the bright light. He groaned in pain, his body felt like it had become someone's punching bag. He opened his eyes again, only a

crack though, and to shield his eyes he put his hands in front of the light. As he saw his hands, he realized they were not incased in the armor of Mand'alor, but bare skin. He slowly looked around. He saw he was in a white room, and on the wall near the door, the Republic's insignia. He saw a pair of what looked like medical droids starrng at a monitor. As he Mand'alor tried to sit up, his back burned with pain. The droids looked up at him and wheeled over to his side. They gently pushed Mand'alor back onto the bed.

"You must rush yourself, Mr. Ordo; you've just woken up from your sleep." One of the med droids said. Mand'alor blinked.

"How do you know my name?" He asked.

"We have your records. You are Mr. Canderous Ordo, also called Mand'alor the Preserver by you people, the Mandalorians. You fought at the battles of Cathar-"The med droid got no further.

"I know all of my battles; you don't have to tell me them." Mand'alor said. The door on the far side of the room opened with a hiss. Four pairs of feet walked in through the opened door. The first 2 wore the armor of Mandalorians. They were the ones that opened my cryo tube, thought Mand'alor. The other two, no, three wore robes. On clipped to their belts was a cylindrical tube. They were 2 humans and one Togruta. All of them were Jedi. Mand'alor chuckled as they approached. "Has the Jedi Council finally decided to end my life after 1000 years of sleeping?" Mand'alor asked sarcastically. One of the humans, with dark hair and black magenta robes, grinned. The two Mandalorians stopped about a foot away from the bed, and took off their helmets. They had the most uncanny resemblance, the kind that only twins had. They stood at attention and brought their forearms horizontal right in fronts of their chests, the Mandalorian salute. Mand'alor did the same, and a burning pain shot through his shoulder and arm. "I feel like a pack of mynocks ate me, threw me up, and put me back together again." Mand'alor said, groaning.

"It's just ice burn sir, happens when you go into cryo sleep with your armor." The Mandalorian in blue silver said.

"Enough of the chit chat, let's get onto business. You are Canderous Ordo, correct?" The other human Jedi asked. He wore white and cream robes, and he had a thick tan beard and mustache.

"Who wants to know?" Mand'alor said. The one in white rolled his eyes.

"I am Jedi Master Obi-Wan Kenobi; this is my former padawan Anakin Skywalker and his padawan Ashoka Tano. You've met Jango and Boba Fett I assume." He said pointing to each one as he said their name.

"Yes I have, and yes, I am Canderous Ordo. Now, I was having a very nice, long, peaceful nap until you woke me up, so what do want?" Canderous asked. Jango and Boba let out small chuckles. "And you two, at ease. No need to stand there like statues." Canderous said.

"Good. Now from what the Jedi archives say, you served alongside Jedi Knight Revan and the Jedi Exile Meetra Surik, is that correct?" Kenobi asked.

"Both of them were great warriors and leaders. I hope the Force takes them well." Canderous said.

"Well they have been taken well. Mand'alor you've been in that tube for a good thousand years." Jango said. Canderous blinked.

"What? That's impossible, not even the Gree even had that kind of power!" Canderous said in confusion.

"It wasn't any technology we had, or even knew of, sir. As far as we saw, they were different than our technology." Jango said.

"Well, where'd it come from? The Exchange certainly had interest in it, that's why me and my- Where's my men?" Canderous asked suddenly.

"We put them on our medical ship, the \_Savior\_. They are in the best care in our fleet." Skywalker said.

"As soon as they're healed, or I am, whichever comes first, I want to talk with my second, Kelborn." Canderous said.

"We can arrange that. After all you're only going to be here for the night." Tano said.

"Alright, now what do you want from me, Jedi?" He asked glaring at Kenobi.

"You're a military genius Mr. Ordo, and the Republic needs all of the genius's we can get. Since you've been asleep, we recently went to war with the CIS, the Confederacy of Independent Systems. They are focused on total Domination of the Republic and all of its systems. Recently, our Supreme Chancellor, Palpatine, was killed in the battle of Courscant, as well as Count Dooku and General Grievous, two of the CIS's primary leaders. Both the Republic and the CIS are in disarray, but the Republic is losing. We are losing in key systems, including the planet of Mandalore." Kenobi said. As he took a breath, Canderous stopped him.

"You've said enough. Now, I need an overview of the Republic's military status and war effort, which means I need some reading material. Also, I want the datapad that I was carrying on my armor when I was frozen; I downloaded data from the Exchange mainframe that I want to go over. And once I'm out of here I want to speak with my soldiers." Canderous said. The Jedi bowed.

"We'll ensure everything is funneled to you terminal." Kenobi said, motioning to a terminal that sat near his bed.

"Thank you. Now, go back to whatever you Jedi do these days." Canderous said. The three Jedi bowed and exited, leaving Jango and Boba next to Canderous's bed. Canderous smiled. "I see Mandalorian discipline has not faltered while I was away." He said. "You boys sit down. I have a few questions for you." Jango and Boba took seats in the hover chairs near the bed.

"What do you need sir?" Jango asked.

"Firstly, I want to know why in the galaxy you two look so alike. Jango, it's obvious you're older than Boba, so why do you like so

similar?" Canderous asked. Boba spoke for the first time.

"My \_father\_ was selected to be the cloning template for the Republic's Grand Army. In return for job he did to get it, he got payment and, he cloned me as his son. I'm only 16; the clones themselves age faster than the average human." Boba said.

"Wait, wait, wait the Republic's army is comprised of clones?" Canderous asked. Jango nodded.

"The Senate didn't like the idea of raising an army from the regular people, they wouldn't be willing. Ten years before the start of the Clone Wars, that's what this war is called, I was called upon to do a job for Count Dooku. I didn't know at the time he was Sith, but I took the job. A few million credits in my pocket and a son seemed like payment enough." Jango said.

"Well, if Dooku was your employer, why did you turn against him?" Canderous asked.

"Simple: you can't hide from the Jedi Council. They stepped up their spy networks ever since the Battle of Naboo. They very nearly found me when I was working for Dooku." Jango said.

"I thought the Republic Intelligence Services did that." Canderous said.

"The Jedi used Force Sensitive people as spies. Not Jedi level sensitivity, but enough to discern whether or not a person is lying to them." Jango said.

"Good enough to interrogate, but not to fight?" Canderous asked. Jango nodded. "Interesting, so what was the job you took to get Boba here?" Canderous asked, motioning to Boba.

"I had to track down and eliminate the leader of a cult called the Bando Gora, as well as the cult itself." Jango said. He paused momentarily. "It wasn't easy; I had to go through some channels I've never gone through before." He said. He smiled as a memory came to mind. "There was one time where I had to find a Republic Senator, and he didn't even know where she was. A Republic Security Gunship asked me to release him." Jango smile brooded. "I did what they asked, and the Senator fell a good few miles down." Canderous grinned.

"Well, they didn't say where, did they?" He asked. Jango shook his head. The door opened, and a soldier in white armor came in. He handed Canderous two datapads, then exited.

"If you'll excuse me boys, I've got some reading to do." Canderous said. The pair nodded. They stood, gave Canderous the Mandalorian salute, and left. Canderous sighed as he picked up the first datapad, and began to read about the current situation of the galaxy.

### 3. Chapter 2: Meetings and Promotions

Unknown system, January 2nd, 2552

Captain Jeremiah Vern of the UNSC \_Winter's Bite\_ yawned deeply. His ship had been dispatched to this system to find any and all planets



that were habitable, in the case that the Covenant found Earth, and that humanity would need a new place to thrive. But, it was a, very, very, very boring assignment. Vern had been through 2 systems in the Orion Arm already, and he hadn't found any habitable planet. And at this point, he was dead tired. He stretched as the ship's A.I, Unending Winter, popped up in the holotank. Unending Winter was dressed in a heavy snowsuit and there appeared to be a blizzard in the background. Winter had for some very odd reason picked the \_Winter's Bite\_ as its owner ship, possibly for the name, or the modifications it had received. The \_Bite\_ had received an increased hanger bay, along for a dozen Longsword fighters to be stored on the ship, and the Mass Accelerator Cannon(MAC) had been upgraded to fire two shots with one charge.

"Captain, HIGHCOM is asking for a report." He said. Vern yawned once more.

"Send them the same report I sent them a few days ago." Vern said, as he stood. "I need to get some rest, Winter. First Officer Malcolm has the bridge." Vern said as he stepped through the door to the hall. He liked to be with the crew, so he had remodeled C deck to accommodate his quarters. Vern also liked to walk, so he walked the winding hallways down to C deck. He passed several officers and Marines on the way down, saying hello to all of them. He grinned as he saw an ODS without his helmet, and wearing aviator sunglasses came down the hall. Vern had a special greeting for this one. "How ya doin', Johnny Doe?" He asked, still grinning. Johnny Doe, aka the Rookie gave a toothy grin to his captain as he turned into the mess hall. For some very odd reason, the Rookie's file was heavily classified by the Office of Naval Intelligence, aka ONI. His name was among the classified pieces. As Rookie walked into the mess hall, he was greeted by the all too familiar bear hug by his friend, Eric Boor. Eric was the squad's heavy weapons expert, requiring his strength to lug around the Jackhammer rocket launchers. The huge African nearly killed Rookie as he squeezed tightly on his abdomen.

"Hey, Rookie my man, where ya been?" Eric asked. He saw that Rookie was making chopping motions with his hand. This was his way of saying "Stop, you're killing me here!" "Sorry pal, I didn't mean too." He said as he dropped Rookie to the floor. As Rookie bent over and started to breathe hard, Eric gave him two hard smacks on the back. Rookie was flattened to the floor by Eric's massive hands and hard hits. The whole mess hall laughed as Rookie got back to his feet. After he looked around, he gave an over exaggerated bow to the mess hall, and more laughter erupted as he went get his food. His squad was still laughing by the time he and Eric sat down.

"Oy, Eric, you and Rookie sure know how ta make a crowd laugh!" Douglas McLaughlin said. He was of Irish and Scottish descent, and the blood in his veins had fought the English back in the prime of his people. His Irish side was more prominent, and thus his o's were more exaggerated. He was also a close range specialist in combat. He still had at least three energy swords from the Elites he had killed.

"At least they don't drink all the vodka!" Said Nikolai Peskivi, angrily. He was, of course of Russian descent, and his love of vodka came with it. Douglas was a wee bit of a joker, and he loved messing with Nikolai. Nikolai preferred to drown his enemies in lead, making him the SAW carrier of the squad.

"Life isn't about vodka my friend; you need to check out the girls some time." Said Mike Larkin. He was Australian, and he was the ladies' man aboard the Winter's Bite. The only thing he loved more than being an ODS'T was being laid. He was the squad's grenadier.

"The vodka enhances the personality, I need it." Nikolai said.

"As well as the breath." Eric said to Rookie. Everyone except for Nikolai burst into laughter.

"If you were not so big, my African friend, I would kill you." Nikolai said.

"Now now boy settle down." Came the female voice of Hailey Temple, the squad medic. No one messed with her, even Mike sensed that she could castrate him if she wanted.

"Just what we needed." Douglas said. "A pretty lass to settle the fight between men." He said.

"Hey guys!" One of the other ODS'Ts called from another table. "Chef has enough for seconds!" He called. His squad dashed over to the line. The entire squad looked at their trays. They hadn't touched their food yet. Nikolai leaned forward.

"Gentleman, and lady, I propose we do the one thing that we do better than eating, drinking, fighting, or in Mike's case, sleeping around. I propose, THAT WE EAT LIKE IT'S OUR LAST MEAL!" Nikolai said.

"HOORAH!" Cried everyone; except Rookie who remained mute. They tore into their food like rabid animals, and in half a minute they stood back in the lunch line, dripping some assortment of food, except for Hailey. They were one of the single most close nit groups in the ODS'Ts. That was going to change.

Mandalor systemâ€¦|

General Grievous of the Confederation of Independent Systems paced the bridge of the Wrath of the Warlord. Since the Invisible Hand was destroyed, this ship would have to do. He was stalking the bridge, waiting for three very important people to arrive. The door hissed open, and a B1 Battle Droid walked in.

"General?" The droid asked.

"What?" Grievous asked sharply.

"They are all here." The droid said. Grievous stopped pacing.

"Bring them to the bridge." He said.

"Rodger Rodger." Came the typical monotone response. The droid marched off. After several turbolift rides, it arrived at the hanger bay. "You are required to come to the bridge." The droid said to the three guests.

"Ah, finally, I get to see the face of the famed general." One of the

three said. He had red and black skin with yellow eyes, and horns coming out of his head. His companion had yellow and black skin, with the same eyes and horns. The third was different. She had pale white skin, almost powder white with black eyes, and a bald head.

"My old friend finally wants to see me." She said. She had a high raspy voice, as if though grated on stone. The droid led all three of them up to the bridge where Grievous had restarted his pacing.

"Ah, Ventress, it is good to see such an old ally." He said slowly. He turned to the other two. He recognized the red one.

"The former apprentice of our late master, back from the dead." Grievous said, nodding to the red one. "And you recently lost control of the planet Mandalore, how sad, Darth Maul." He said the word Darth with contempt.

"The Death Watch remains firmly with me, General Grievous, and I assure you, they are worth at least ten battle droids." Maul said. Grievous turned his attention to the last one, the yellow and black one.

"I have not heard of you, yet." Grievous said, pointing a finger at him.

"I am Savage Opress, and I am brother and apprentice to Maul." He said, motioning to his brother.

"An interesting pair." Ventress said. She turned back to Grievous. "Now, tell us the real reason we are here, Grievous. I know it was not simply to catch up on old times." She said, glaring at Grievous.

"With Darth Sidious and Count Dooku dead, I need others to aid me lead the droid armies." Grievous said. Ventress raised an eyebrow.

"You, asking for help? I doubt it." Ventress said scornfully. Grievous glared at her.

"I could have had you eliminated in that hanger." Grievous said.

"I doubt you could have." Ventress said.

"I sense that Grievous is not lying." Maul said.

"How can you sense it, but I cannot?" Ventress asked.

"I was trained by the master of Count Dooku as an assassin and as an interrogator. I have been trained to do such things." Maul said. Ventress snarled, and turned back to Grievous.

"I will ally with you, Grievous. But one wrong move and I will not hesitate to tear every organ you have left out of your body." Ventress said, her voice dripping with venom. Grievous laughed.

"I doubt you could, even if you wanted to." Grievous said.

"So, General, what is our first course of action?" Maul asked. He leapt nimbly into the captain's chair, and rested on leg on the arm

of it.

"We are going to Kaleesh. My people are known as brutal warriors, and the Separatists could use their expertise." Grievous said. The ship abruptly moved beneath their feet as the \_Warlord\_ entered hyperspace.

"And how long will it take to convince them?" Maul asked.

"It will not take long; I already have two thirds of the population under my thumb." Grievous said.

"You could have warned us about the sudden jump to hyperspace." Ventress snarled.

"That would take the fun out of it." Grievous said. "We will be taking several different stops on our way to the Kaleesh system, in order to avoid the Republic's patrols." Grievous said. The door opened, and several waiting droids stepped through. "These droids will take you to your quarters, I hope they are enjoyable." Grievous said. Maul and Savage immediately began to walk with the droids, talking amongst themselves. Ventress stayed behind.

"What is the real reason behind this?" She asked. Grievous stepped closer to her.

"There have been rumors going around, rumors my spies have heard. They say that the Jedi found the old Mand'alor." He said.

"Jaster Mereel? I thought he had fallen in battle." Ventress said.

"Not him." Grievous said. "Did you know that the original mask of Mand'alor was never found after the disappearance of Mand'alor the Preserver?" He asked. Ventress shook his head. "The last Mand'alor took a group of his men to an unknown planet with a mercenary base on it. Only 2 of his men returned, the rest along with him, were in stasis for 1000 years." Grievous said.

"And you suppose they found him?" Ventress asked.

"Yes. Now, go to your quarters, we have much to discuss in the coming days." Grievous said. Ventress slowly went with her droid. Grievous chuckled to himself. "Now, the true war begins." He said.

2 days later

Captain Vern yawned deeply, again. They had combed this system clean, and found no planet habitable. He had sent the unfortunate results to HIGHCOM, and he was just waiting to get the all clear to move into another system.

"This is pointless." He said aloud.

"Sir?" The navigations officer asked.

"I said this is pointless. We've been doing this crap for 2 months straight, and we have found no results that HIGHCOM would be pleased with." Vern said.

"With all due respect sir, but that is incorrect." The nav officer said.

"Explain your logic to me." Vern said. The nav officer pulled up the scan results of each of the planets.

"These planets, while not habitable, could be extracted for resources. Planet Omega-Delta 2 has significant deposits of uranium and manganese. Omega-Delta 3 has a good supply of tungsten and titanium. Even if we fail to find a habitable planet sir, we have plenty of resource planets." The nav officer said.

"I understand your logic, but that's not why we are out here. We are looking for another base of operations, not resources." Vern said. All the sudden, the monitoring station began to beep.

"Sir, we have multiple Slipspace ruptures 12,000 kilometers away!" The monitoring officer said.

"Covenant?" Vern asked.

"No sir, they're UNSC." The officer replied back.

"On main viewscreen, now." Vern said. The screen fizzed to life and the bridge observed as 3 UNSC frigates, similar to the Winter's Bite. After that 4 mining vessels followed as well as "A repair and refit station?" Vern said surprised.

"Incoming communication coming in from UNSC frigate Spring's Storm." The Comms officer said.

"Put it through." Vern said. An image of a black man in the usual white uniform of the UNSC Navy appeared on the main viewscreen.

"Captain Jeremiah Vern I presume?" The man asked.

"Yes." Vern asked.

"Your ship is required to dock with the repair and refit station UNSC Blacksmith, for repairs and orders." The man said. The screen went black. An hour later, Vern walked through the halls of the Blacksmith to the CO's office. He had absolutely no idea why the UNSC would send a task force like this to this particular system. He reached the door of the CO and rapped on the door.

"Enter." A voice said from inside. The door slide opened and saw a white man in the uniform of ONI.

"Captain Jeremiah Vern, reporting for duty." Vern said, saluting.

"At ease Captain." The ONI officer said. Vern stood at ease. "Do you know why you have been called here, Captain?" The ONI officer asked.

"Not at all sir." Vern said.

"You are here because you have been exploring the systems of the Orion Arm looking for habitable planets. Instead you have been

finding uninhabitable resources planets. ONI has decided that is all the UNSC needs right now." The officer said. "ONI has put together a task force to continue exploring the Orion Arm for more habitable planets, but we will be mining them as well. That is why you are in this office." The ONI officer pulled from his desk two things: a small, black box, and a Sweet Williams cigar pack. "Captain Vern, you are being promoted." The officer said nonchalantly. Vern blinked.

"I beg your pardon sir?" Vern asked.

"You are being promoted to lead this task force." The officer said. He pushed forward the box and opened. He pulled out a cigar and lit it, taking a puff on it.

"But there are surely better captains than I to lead this sir. I've been away from combat for nearly 6 months." Vern said.

"You served with Admiral Preston Cole during the Harvest campaign, you fought at the Siege of Madrigal, and you fought at the battle of Arcadia, taking out at least two Covenant ships per engagement. I say you're good enough. Plus you've been out here for 2 months doing this; you would know which planets to mine. Name me two of the planets that you have discovered that have resources on them." The ONI officer said. Vern thought for a moment, then he remembered what his nav officer had said.

"My navigations officer brought up planets Omega-Delta 2 and 3. Omega-Delta 2 has high reserves of uranium and manganese, and Omega-Delta 3 has high titanium and tungsten reserves." Vern said. The ONI officer nodded approvingly.

"Your task force is spread out across three systems, this one, and the last two you've explored. This operation is codenamed High Demand, and it will cover any and all systems worth mining. HIGHCOM will expect weekly reports, and you will soon receive a group of scout ships for further exploration. Any questions?" The ONI officer looked expectantly at Vern.

"Yessir, will the ships under my command receive the same modifications as my ship?" Vern asked. The officer looked at a datapad on his desk.

"The Spring's Storm, Summer's Drought, and the Autumn's Fall have all been refitted to the same specs as the Winter's Bite, yes." He said nodding.

"That's all sir." Vern said.

"Then you are dismissed, Admiral Vern." The officer said. Vern picked up the box and turned to go. But as he reached the door, the officer called back to him

"Wait, there's one other thing." The ONI officer said. Vern turned. The officer gave him a datapad. "ONI wants to keep this under wraps, but it will be impossible, but one of SPARTAN IIIs has been removed from her company to work as a Lone Wolf. She is going to be a part of your group. Take good care of her." The ONI officer said. Vern nodded numbly and walked out. He activated the pad as soon as he was outside of the door. It read " \*\*Classified, for Admiral Jeremiah Vern's eyes only." \*\* The first thing it read was, SPARTAN III-B312, Jane,

referred to by superiors as a "Lone Wolf", Jane does not lack the will to be a team player. However, in times where stealth is key, Jane will be the first to volunteer. Jane also does not lack the will to bond with other SPARTANS as well as non SPARTAN personnel, such as Marines, Army soldiers, civilians, or even the ODSTs. At this point, Vern ran into someone, knocking the datapad from his hand. He rubbed his head and looked up to see what he had hit that was so hard. His jaw dropped, when he noticed the woman he had run into. She wore the power armor that the G-III SPARTANS wore, as well as the helmet. She turned around.

"Sorry, Admiral." Jane said. She bent down and handed the datapad back to Vern.

"No need, to apologize, I wasn't looking where I was going." Vern said quickly. Jane had black hair that curved down around her head, and a strong pointed jaw. "So, you are the SPARTAN the ONI spook told me about." Vern said.

"That would be correct." Jane said.

"Walk with me." Vern said. He moved to Jane's right and began to walk back to the \_Bite\_. Jane slowed from her usual pace so he wouldn't be jogging to stay next to her. "I've been reading your file, and I have 2 questions regarding the ODSTs on the ship." Vern said.

"Ask away sir." Jane said, rolling her eyes. She had a feeling he'd been asking her to not mess with them.

"Firstly, how many ODSTs do you think will challenge you to a fight, and secondly, how many do you think will try to hit on you?" Vern said, grinning from ear to ear. Jane froze, and burst into loud laughter.

"About all of them sir." Jane said after she had recovered from her laughing fit.

"That would be a good estimate." Vern said. "Now, is there any place you'd like to sleep on the ship?" He asked

"I've always like the Observation Deck." Jane said thoughtfully.

"Would you be willing to share with an ODST?" Vern asked. Jane frowned.

"Why does an ODST sleep on the Observation Deck?" Jane asked.

"Well, this one is different. His file is more heavily redacted than yours is, and he doesn't talk much. he does a whole lot of gestures and the like." Vern said.

"Interesting, you sure he doesn't suffer from PDST?" Jane asked.

"I'm positive, hell he still has his vocal cords in place." Vern said.

"Hm, I'll sure share with him, but what is his name?" Jane asked.

"We just call him Rookie." Vern said.

"Is his name redacted?" Jane said.

"His whole personal life is redacted!" Vern said. They turned into the docking tube to the \_Bite\_.

"I'll see what I can pull from him, so yes I will share." Jane said.

"Good. Wellâ€¦ welcome to the \_Winter's Bite\_, Spartan." Vern said as they reached the airlock.

"It's good to be aboard." Jane said.

**\*\*Author's Note:** Sorry it took me so long to update guys, I've been toying around with a few ideas, and this seemed to be the best one. I did say we'd be seeing Six in this fanfiction, but since we haven't seen her face before, I decided to model her off the default female character from the Mass Effect series. I'll be posting a few more chapters regarding the UNSC and the Separatists before I move back to Mand'alor's POV. I will tell you right now, Mand'alor's going to turn into the Star Wars version of Master Chief really quick. Also, be ready to see some adjustments to the Clone's arsenal, particularly the armor. It's **\*\*\_\*\*plastic\*\*\_\*\*** for crying out loud, I mean come on, how cheap is the Republic? Anyways guys thank you for reading, and this is InnocentBlaze686, burning out.**\*\***

#### 4. Chapter 4: Peaceful talks turned bad

Omega-Delta system, 2 weeks laterâ€¦|

1400â€¦|

**\*\*Disclaimer:** I do not own the name Ishimura. That name is the property of Visceral Games.**\*\***

"Initiate mining procedure Bravo-Indigo-Gamma." The mining foreman said from the bridge of the UNSC mining vessel \_Ishimura\_. A bright red laser shot from the prow of the vessel, drilling a hole in Omega-Delta 4. This particular mining op was searching for a high deposit of plutonium. Raw plutonium was rare to come by these days, and if utilized properly, it could make a nuclear bomb strong enough to annihilate a star. From the UNSC frigate \_Winter's Bite\_, Vern watched with increased concern as the laser drilled into the surface of the planet. One wrong move and the whole planet would be a giant space nuke.

"Concerned, Admiral?" Jane said from behind Vern.

"Greatly; one wrong twitch of the finger, and there goes a whole fleet, as well as a good source of resources." Vern said.

"Then let's hope they have steady hands." Jane said. Vern nodded. The laser continued to cut down on to the planet below. The mining foreman watched the screen in front of him, very carefully.

"Halt the laser, immediately!" The foreman shouted. The laser ceased



to exist. "Status on the entry hole?" He barked.

"One shot, one kill sir." The monitoring officer reported. "Mining ops can start shortly." The foreman breathed a sigh of relief.

"Wait a few hours for the area to settle, and then send down probes Delta 1-4." The foreman said. Vern heard the entire conversation through his neural lace. He sighed with relief as he heard the all clear.

"We live for another day." Vern said. He turned to Jane. "Ever played chess?" He asked. Jane nodded. "Well I'm a bit rusty, so let's see how well we do." Vern said. He and Jane walked to his quarters, pulled out the chess board and pieces, and began a long game of chess.

Separatist warship \_Wrath of the Warlord\_

Grievous sat in his command chair, staring at the datapad brought to him. The Kaleesh had bolstered the Separatists by several million, and the Nightsisters and their Iridonian servants had done the same. But, he was angered by the reports of the losses on Kashyyyk. The Wookies had been more resourceful than he had expected, and they had been devastating the droid forces in their wroshyr forests. The door behind him hissed open, and Savage walked in.

"Grievous." Savage said simply.

"What do you want, Iridonian?" Grievous snarled.

"Merely walking the ship." Savage said.

"Then walk away from my bridge." Grievous snapped.

"Such rage towards something so little." Savage said. He fully intended to push Grievous' buttons.

"It is not rage towards the damned Wookies." Grievous snarled.

"A group of walking carpets beating such a feared and infamous general? I do not believe it." Savage said. Grievous jumped to his feet, and drew his lightsabers.

"Would you like to test my very little patience? Or would you like to walk away like the coward you are?" Grievous said. Savage smiled.

"I am merely implying, dear general that you should not let mere underlings do the tasks reserved for the leader." Savage said. Grievous cocked his head. He deactivated his lightsabers.

"Go on." He said slowly.

"The Wookies are a proud race. While not warlike, they make fine warriors to any army. Their strength and agility brings any force a much needed boost in urban or jungle warfare. Thus, they are one of the most difficult forces every to be fought. Why would you let someone who has less understanding of these furbags fight them?" Savage asked. Grievous thought for a moment.

"Bring Ventress and Maul in here. We need to have a war council."

Grievous said. Savage nodded and walked out. "B-9821, contact the Kaleesh warlords and the Nightsister witches. Tell them they are needed on the bridge." Grievous said.

"Rodger Rodger." The droid replied in the monotone voice.

20 minutes later, 12 leaders stood on the bridge of the Warlord. Grievous nodded to Savage, Ventress, and Maul as they arrived.

"Let this council of war begin." Grievous said as they stood around the holoprojector. An image of Kashyyyk appeared. "This is Kashyyyk, a forest planet on one of the most important hyper lanes in our galaxy." Grievous began. "The planets inhabitants are the Wookies, a proud tree dwelling race known for their wisdom and prowess in combat. They defy the CIS, and stand with the Republic." Grievous said, spitting at the last sentence. "Since the failed siege of Coruscant, I have devoted a good portion of the droid armies to this planet. I have neglected fighting on this planet for far too long. Our mission is to make the Wookies of Kashyyyk, watch their beloved forests burn to a crisp." Grievous said. The leaders assembled applauded, some of the Kaleesh roared their approval. "Gather your warriors my friends, for in a week's time, we will all have Wookiee carpets!" Grievous said, earning another round of applause. An hour later, Grievous, Ventress, Maul, and Savage all stood on the bridge again.

"Are we really going to share power with them?" Maul asked.

"They will soon become, 'martyrs to the cause'." Grievous said sarcastically. They all smiled.

"General, all the warlords have departed." One of the droids called.

"Commence the jump to hyperspace." Grievous said. A few moments later, the Warlord jumped to hyperspace, shooting towards Kashyyyk. But, the Force had another plan for it. About an hour later, the hyperdrive malfunctioned, and sent the Warlord shooting ten times faster than hyperspeed. The Warlord shot past Kashyyyk, and sped away from the known galaxy. It came to rest in unexplored space, in another galaxy, in another system called Omega Delta by those who mined its planets. And so, another war began, but at the time, it was not known until a short two hours later when blood was spilt by a dark force.

Omega Delta system, January 11th, 2552

1350

Vern sat at his chair on the bridge of the Winter's Bite and sipped coffee. One of the first things he did for his task force was that he ordered coffee for the whole task force; real coffee, not the instant BS the UNSC usually gave its finest. He leaned back and sighed as he felt the warm, tasty liquid run down his throat. The nav officer, First Officer Malcolm Hall turned and smiled.

"Enjoying a good, real cup of Joe sir?" He asked.

"Like hell I am." Vern said. Hall nodded and took a sip of his own coffee. He looked thoughtfully at the cup.

"I still think my family grew the beans for this." He said. Hall's family owned a farm area where they grew coffee beans. It was on one of the tropical planets, Vern didn't know.

"Whatever you say, Hall." Vern said.

"No, I'm serious sir, see-"He was cut off by the monitoring officer.

"Sir, energy spike at the edge of the system, it's not Covenant or UNSC." He said urgently.

"On main viewscreen, now." Vern barked. A long, bulbous ship snapped into existence, and slowly decelerated.

"The hell is that?" Hall asked.

"Whatever it is, it's not known. Comms, get me a fleet wide communication, ASAP." Vern said quickly.

"Yes sir, comn channel is up and ready." The officer said. Vern stood and stepped forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the UNSC task force \_High Demand\_, we have reports that an unknown ship has just entered our space." Vern took a breath. "We do not know if they are friendly or not, but we must remember our first contact with the Covenant." Vern took another breath. "Because of this, I am issuing the Cole Protocol, but we will not go down without a fight. All ships; beat to quarters." The entire task force launched into a flurry of activity. Marines and ODSTs armored up, testing their weapons, making sure that they wouldn't jam in the middle of combat. Navy personnel rushed to their quarters, all of them grabbing their M6D Magnums before rushing off to their stations. As Rookie's squad suited up, Jane walked in. Rookie, who was always the fastest at getting his armor on, gave Jane the smile gesture. Eric, however, glared at her.

"What do you want, Spartan?" He asked.

"Captain's assigned me to your squad for this. If we initiate peaceful contact, we'll be with the Admiral in the negotiations room." Jane said ignoring all their stares she was getting.

"That's alright; it'll be nice to have another pretty lady with us." Mike said, smiling.

"You're not getting into my pants, lover boy." Jane said. Mike swore as he pulled on his boots, earning him a shower of laughter from his squad. After Mike had his suit secured, the group dashed off to the hanger.

Aboard the \_Wrath of the Warlord\_

"Status report, what just happened?" Grievous yelled at the droid.

"The hyperdrive malfunctioned, it shot us far off course." The droid said.

"How far?" Ventress hissed.

"A full galaxy away." The droid said.

"That can't be right, check your optics." Another droid said.

"Hey you need your optics checked!" The first retorted. Grievous roared and backhanded the droid's head off.

"That's-that's impossible, a hyperdrive can't do that!" Ventress stammered.

"General, several unidentified ships towards the middle of the system." Another droid said.

"Grievous, we may not be at Kashyyyk, but we can use this as an opportunity." Maul said.

"How do we do that?" Grievous snapped.

"We need allies in our war, and we could gain more soldiers to throw into the fray." Maul said simply. "Added that the Confederacy is slowly losing resources, and that the Republic is growing ever stronger, and we will soon be on our defensive." Maul said.

"Enough. Contact the lead ship immediately!" Grievous said.

"Rodger Rodger."

"Sir, we're being hailed by the unidentified vessel!" The Comms officer said. The bridge froze.

"Answer the hail, audio only." Vern said. A crackle of static later, a cold, metallic voice spoke through the speakers.

"Greetings to the unidentified vessels, I am General Grievous of the Confederacy of Independent Systems. My ship's hyperdrive has malfunctioned, leading us to this system." The voice grated through. Vern spoke up.

"To General Grievous of the Confederacy of Independent Systems, my name is Admiral Jeremiah Vern of the United Nations Space Command, commander of UNSC task force High Demand. You are trespassing on UNSC space, please power down your weapons, and we will do the same to initiate peaceful talks." Vern said.

"How dare he!" Grievous snarled to his comrades. "He orders me to power down my weapons! I think not!" Grievous turned back to the speaker. "Admiral, how am I to trust you that you will power down your weapons and allow my representatives peace?" Grievous said back.

"Is this guy serious?" Vern asked, turning off the microphone.

"I would believe so sir. I think he thinks that his position in his government gives him leverage." Hall said.

"Not in this galaxy he doesn't." Vern said. He turned the mic back on. "General, you have my every assurance that our weapons will be powered down, and your representatives will be given peace. But, my

men will shoot them if they attack any UNSC personnel. Am I clear?"

"Does he really think that his men can kill Sith?" Ventress laughed.

"Wait a moment. Admiral, I will send my representatives to your ship, with a bodyguard for added protection. I will move my ship closer as to allow my representatives swift passage to your ship." Grievous said, and cut the connection.

"An escort? Do they really think we'll shoot them?" Vern asked.

"I guess so sir." Hall said, shrugging.

"Get me the Spartan." Vern said. A crackle of static later, Jane's voice came through.

"Yes Admiral?" She asked.

"We're going to talk with these guys. Get your squad up to the bridge, ASAP." Vern said.

"Copy that. You think these guys will be creepier than the Covenant?" Jane asked.

"I hope not! The Covenant's ugly enough as it is, we don't need more uglies in our galaxy!" Vern said. Jane chuckled.

2 hours later

Aboard the CIS shuttle, en route to the \_Winter's Bite\_

"So what do you think we'll encounter with these beings?" Ventress asked.

"The preliminary scans indicated they had 2 meter thick armor that could withstand a good portion of heavy turbolaser fire. However, they have no shields, so our bombers could bombard them mercilessly. They also seem to have a single, prow mounted weapon. It's unknown as to what technology they use, so, it could be a heavy turbolaser for all we know." Maul said.

"We'll find out soon enough. I'm surprised that these beings speak even a rugged form of Basic." Savage said.

"Mistress, we are now landing." The RX series pilot droid called from the cockpit. As Ventress, Maul, and Savage stood, so did their warriors. Ventress had brought 4 of her Nightsisters, trained by her. Maul had brought 4 of his Death Watch, and Savage had brought 4 of his Iridonians, also trained by him. The other 2 groups of warriors that they had brought were their MagnaGuards and the BX series assassin droids. This was to show the might of the CIS.

"How much longer sir?" Jane asked. "My feet are getting sleepy."

"Winter, what's the representatives' location?" Vern asked the ship's AI.

"Approximately two minutes away sir, they are closing on our hanger." Unending Winter replied.

"Brilliant." Jane hissed.

"Relax, it won't be that long." Vern said. He looked around the hanger. With him and Jane were several squads of Marines, and 20 ODSs, as well as several bridge officers. Vern looked at Rookie, who met his gaze, nodded, and gave the smile gesture. Vern smiled back and turned to face the front of the hanger, just as the shuttle came through. It had tall dorsal fin on top, and the bottom was rounded like a fish belly. Two pairs of thin landing legs protruded from the bottom, and it spun around and landed. An inverted ramp slide from a slot on the shuttle, and the doors opened directly above it. Several things marched out of it, and they vaguely looked likeâ€¦

"Are those robots?" Jane asked.

"I think so." Vern replied. The robots were about 2 meters in height, and they carried staffs. They wore cloaks over their shoulders, and they had bright red eyes. Behind them came smaller robots of average human height, with white eyes and black body coloring. After that came the organics. Four humans, two male two female, marched out wearing combat armor and what looked like a jetpack on their backs. Behind them came four pale, bald women, wearing dark clothing, and had tubes about half a foot long at their belts. But the ones behind them were more bizarre. Four males walked out, wearing medium body armor. They had pale green and black skin, with yellow eyes. The most interesting part was that they hadâ€¦

"Are those horns sticking out of their heads?" Jane asked, alarmed.

"I think so." Vern said again. The last three were obviously the representatives. One was similar to the women seen earlier, except she carried herself with far more authority. The other two were similar to the horned humanoids seen earlier. One had red and black skin, and the other had an olive-drab green skin. As they approached, Jane shouted.

"VIPs on deck. Attention!" She shouted. Every Marine, ODS, and officer in the hanger stood at immediate attention. The bodyguards stopped, but the representatives moved on. They calmly walked over to Vern and they bowed. He returned the bow.

"Greetings, I am Admiral Jeremiah Vern of the UNSC vessel \_Winter's Bite\_, and commander of UNSC task force \_High Demand\_." Vern said.

"I am Asajj Ventress, and these are my associates, Darth Maul, and Savage Oppress. We represent the Confederacy of Independent Systems." Ventress said.

"It is a pleasure to have such guests aboard." Vern said.

"And it is a pleasure to be aboard this interesting vessel." Maul said, speaking up.

"Shall we move someplace more, civil for the negotiations?" Vern asked. They nodded. Jane, Rookie and his squad moved with Vern and

the representatives, as well as the smaller robots to the conference room. As they walked the halls, personnel not in the hallway stepped to the side and saluted them. They all gave the newcomers the strangest look, and then continued on their way. After several minutes of walking, they arrived at the conference room. The room was circular with a round table in the center. Vern took his seat opposite to his three guests.

"Thank you for accommodating us, Admiral." Maul said.

"To be honest we nearly destroyed your ship." Vern said. Ventress furrowed her forehead.

"Why?" She asked. Vern looked at Jane, then to Rookie and his squad.

"Twenty-three years ago we came into contact with a group of alien races called the Covenant. They hijacked several of our merchant ships before attacking one of our outer colonies: Harvest." In the middle of the table, a hologram of Harvest came up. Then, several ships moved in, and fired bright, lasers at the planets surfaced. "Through a process called glassing, the reduced Harvest to a radioactive wasteland. A wasteland for which we fought and bled for five years. Then, they systematically began wiping out humanity, through sheer numbers and technology." The hologram showed worlds being burned by hundreds of ships, and land battles being fought and won by the aliens. "My task is to find resources for the war, so that we may possibly have enough should the Covenant find Earth." Vern said.

"Earth is your homeworld?" Maul asked.

"Yes, and it's the most heavily fortified place in Human space." Vern said.

"The CIS would be willing to aid in your war effort, if you aid in ours." Ventress said. Vern's eyes narrowed.

"Humanity's resources are spread thin, and you ask for us to enter another war?" Vern asked, rage filling his body. Ventress felt the rage through the Force, and she knew she had slipped up. "You ask us to send more of our daughters and sons into another meat grinder? Have you no sense of honor? Negotiations are over!" Vern snapped. Ventress starred daggers at Vern, while Maul and Savage stood and bowed. The robots shifted their weapons at Jane and the ODSIs, and they did the same. Ventress stood and left without a word.

"Ventress that was rather rash of you in there." Maul said. They were in the hanger, and all the Marines and ODSIs had weapons ready.

"Silence Maul." Ventress hissed.

"Who said that we were to accept their help, rather than take it?" Savage asked suddenly. Maul and Ventress stopped in their tracks.

"Indeed." Maul said. He drew his lightsabers.

"Let us be true Sith." Ventress said. She drew her blades.

"By the blood of our enemies shall we have victory." Savage said. He drew his double bladed lightsaber. Ventress activated her comm link to Grievous.

"General, peaceful negotiations have failed, we are now resorting to more drastic measures." Ventress said. The bodyguards all drew their weapons.

Grievous slowly began to laugh maniacally at the sound of Ventress' voice. "Power to weapons and shields, launched all fighters, and send boarding pods at those ships. They will regret the day they defied me!" He cackled.

Ventress turned to the UNSC forces.

"If you reject our help," Ventress began as she activated her lightsabers, "Then we shall take it by force!" She screamed. She charged forward, as did her soldiers, the Nightsisters screaming like banshees.

Rookie raised his M7S sub-machine gun, and pulled down the trigger, as he launched 60 hypersonic rounds at the charging enemy. They front three miraculously deflected all of them. As he reached for another mag, the green horned being knocked him down. He raised his red blade over his head and roared as he brought it down. Only to be knocked to the floor himself by McLaughlin.

"Rookie, take these." He yelled as he tossed two Energy Swords to him. As Rookie activated them, he saw that the blades were a light shade of black, unlike the customary blue he usually saw. He turned to see the white humanoid barreling down on him. He raised his blades and met her charge. And the UNSC and CIS engulfed themselves in yet another war!

## 5. Chapter 5: A squad killed, an Enemy made

**\*\*Author's note:** Hey guys, Innocentblaze686 here, and I wanted to address a review on the last chapter. I hope that the particular guest does in fact know that the bullets the USNC uses are depleted uranium. The heat discharged by the lightsabers energizes the uranium and send it bouncing off the walls. And I admit to being wrong about the dating, I was otherwise distracted at that time. Now, on to war!\*\*

Vern sat and sipped his coffee. He understood that he had just pissed off another galactic- possibly a power not from this galaxy. He got, that, and he also understood that his superiors might be pissed also. He didn't care, because that woman, or witch, whatever she was, had the gall to come onto his ship, and demand things of him. Jane shifted nervously next to him, glancing at him every few moments.

"Admiral, incoming communication from the hanger where our guests are; it's from one of our Marines." Unending Winter said.

"Put it through." Vern said. A crackle of static later, the terrified voice of a Marine Corporal came through.



"Sir, the representatives went hostile! They have some weird kind of energy sword, and their bodyguards are shooting lasers! We need more UAAHHHHAG!" The line was cut short. Jane moved quickly, and dashed out of the bridge.

"Winter, send all available personnel to the hanger, but divert personnel to all key decks. Launch all Longswords at the enemy ship, spin up the MAC cannon, and prep all Archer missile pods for launch. Open fleet wide communications." Vern said. The words spit out of his mouth like bullets out of machine gun, yet his bridge officers got ever word.

"Communication channel is open, Admiral." The comms officer said.

"MAC at 33%, and rising." Hall said.

"To all UNSC personnel, the unknowns, now identified as the CIS, have launched an attack on the Winter's Bite. Spin up all MAC cannons, prep your Archers, and launch all the Longswords you have. Admiral Vern, out."

"Move your arse, Rookie!" McLaughlin cried as Rookie barley deflected another blow from Ventress. Rookie primed a grenade and tossed it at one of the witches, and sprinted down the corridor as Peskivi let loose a torrent of bullets. The depleted uranium tore into the robots bull rushing them, turning them into scrap heaps. The explosion from the grenade tore off the arms of two of the witches, and one of the armored soldiers got hit in his jetpack. It threw him around like a rag doll and rammed him into a wall, breaking his neck and spine, killing him. As Rookie sprinted down the hall, he reloaded his SMG. He backpedaled down the hall as he fired his gun at the advancing enemy. Savage put on a burst of speed and bull rushed Rookie. Rookie pulled out one of the energy swords, the black blade snapping into existence. He blocked one blow from the hulking alien, and thrust the sword forward. Savage stepped back, and Rookie ran after his squad. Savage put out his hand, and channeled the force, pulling Rookie back. Rookie flew backwards, knowing was about to meet Death.

As his energy shields touched the blade, they snapped, creating a field of energy. It threw Rookie all the way down the hall, which landed on his knees. Not questioning what had just happened, Rookie got up and ran. He turned the corner and was thrown forward by an explosive ripping sound, as something tore through 2 meters of Grade A Titanium. Rookie turned to see a pod sticking out of the wall, and soon, it deposited several tan colored robots. Rookie primed his second grenade, threw it, and ran for his life. A few minutes and close encounters later, Rookie arrived at the mess hall, which had become the center of combat. The ship shook as the MAC fired, but the fight raged on. Rookie turned to see one of the tall, gray robots with red eyes staring down at him. The thing raised its staff, the ends now crackling with purple electricity, and stabbed down. Rookie drew both of his swords, and deflected it, and he swiped at the robot. He clipped it, searing off a portion of its armor. It didn't even notice as it swung again, hitting Rookie in the thigh. The force physically hurt Rookie, but the electricity surged into his armor, making it faster and more effective. Rookie's shields doubled, and his motor systems operated at higher efficiency. Rookie grinned under his helmet, and stabbed forward with one sword, and cutting with the other. The stab caught the robot in the stomach; the cut took off his

head. Rookie stepped back to admire his handiwork, but the machine swung again at him. It became more ferocious in its attacks, and Rookie found himself backpedaling. In a desperate attempt, he stabbed into the robot's chest, and, to his surprise, he felt its weight sag against his arm. Before it could tumble onto him, Rookie pulled back. Seeing no enemies within a few meter radius, Rookie reloaded his SMG and opened up.

"That's the way to do it, laddie! Mow 'em all down!" McLaughlin called out. He cackled in mad delight as a robot exploded as his shotgun ripped through it. Then, the ship shook, and there was a terrible, grinding noise, and the whole world went black.

Jedi Master Yoda was in a meeting with Canderous Ordo, Masters Kenobi, Windu, and Skywalker, and several clone commanders, when he fell to his knees, grunting.

"Master Yoda, what is the matter?" Skywalker asked, alarmed. He took a step forward, but Canderous blocked him.

"Leave him. Revan did this when I found the Mask." He said. A few moments later, Yoda stood.

"Something dark, The Force spoke to me. Showed much dark, evil, and death it did. Red blades flashing, screams, explosions." Yoda breathed. "Our enemies wreak havoc on other places, beyond our reach they are. Find them, we must." Yoda said. Canderous nodded.

"Then it is agreed: our primary objective is to find away out of this galaxy, and to the next."

Rookie's vision was hazy, at best. He looked around. Everything was in shambles, every living being dead or dying. Rookie tried to move, but the ceiling had pinned his arms. Rookie struggled, but stopped abruptly as the door hissed open. In walked in the supposed "representatives", from the CIS. A loud moan echoed across the ruined mess hall. Rookie lifted his head just enough and what he saw made his heart nearly stop. Clustered in a group was his squad. Eric's large armored form was covering his friends, but Rookie could still see their heads.

"Oh look, our little friends from the hanger. Should repay their kindness to us?" Ventress asked. Maul and Savage laughed, and walked towards them. Ventress lifted her hand and Eric was lifted into the air. He was still awake, and he groaned in pain as he was lifted into the air.

"This one first." Ventress said gleefully. She activated her lightsaber, keeping her hand pointed towards Eric. As she walked closer, Rookie screamed.

"NOO! TAKE ME YOU BASTARDS, TAKE ME!" He screamed. His voice echoed around the silent room. Ventress cackled in mad delight. She walked over to where Rookie stood, keeping Eric close by. She knelt next to his struggling form.

"The one thing that you must understand about us Sith, is that we specialize in one thing: suffering." She plunged her lightsaber into Eric's chest. She then picked up rubble from the floor nearby and sent it flying at the rest of Rookie's squad.

"NOOOOOO! YOU FUCKING BITCH, I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL EVERY ONE OF YOU HEARTLESS FUCKERS!" Rookie screamed. Ventress let out a high, cold, maniacal laugh.

"Then prepare to join your friends!" Ventress said in a singsong voice. With a burst of strength, Rookie freed himself from the pile of rubble and flung himself onto Ventress. He tackled her to the floor, and let loose a torrent of wild punches. Maul and Savage forced him off using the Force, and Ventress slowly rose to her feet. Rookie drew his Magnum, and emptied his magazine. The depleted uranium bounced harmlessly off Maul's lightsaber. Rookie then drew his sword and charged. Ventress stabbed at his abdomen, and the force from Rookie's shield snapping threw him across the mess hall. He hit the wall hard and slid to the floor.

"You, insolent, disrespecting, piece of filth." Ventress snarled. She approached Rookie, using the Force, grabbed him by the neck and pulled him up, choking him. His helmet, loosened by his crash, fell from his head. Ventress gasped and dropped her grip. She took several involuntary steps back. She had looked directly into his eyes, and she saw untold depths of hate and rage. Maul did the choking in her place.

"You fascinate me, human." He said. "It is such a pity your masters decided to reject our offer, you would have made such a good addition to my army." Maul said, faking sadness.

"Fuck you." Rookie gasped out. The door on his right hissed open, and a torrent of bullets flew from it. Maul barely let go of Rookie in time to dodge Jane's relentless flood of depleted uranium. The three Sith took flight, and Jane ran quickly to Rookie's side. He had crawled over to his helmet and put it on, hearing the satisfying hiss as it pressurized.

"Are you alright?" Jane asked. Rookie nodded. He stood up, and went over to the rubble heap that buried his friends. He moved every bit and piece from them, and just sat there and starred. Jane stood by his side. "I know what it's like losing friends, but you have to move on." Jane said. Rookie nodded, and then leaned forward. From Mike, he took his right shoulder pauldron, which had the image of a woman wearing spandex on it. From Peskivi, he took his trademark Cossack blade. The blade felt light in his hands as he sheathed it. From McLaughlin he took his third energy sword. He activated it, and a bright red pair of blades came from the hilt. Jane stepped forward. "Shouldn't we give that to the scientists?" She asked. Rookie paid her no mind. From Hailey, he took her medical kit, which was mounted on her left thigh. Before he went over to Eric, he removed her helmet. Her ginger hair was splayed all over her face. Rookie slowly pushed it all away. Then, he took all of his squad's dog tags. He then went over to Eric, the big man still crumpled in the heap where he had fallen. Eric had one thing more important than anything in the world to him: his daughter. Rookie took her picture from his belt, than took his tags as well. Rookie picked up his SMG and nodded to Jane.

"Jane, Rookie, you there?" Admiral Vern called over the intercom.

"Yes sir, we are here." Jane said.

"Thank God, I thought we lost you. The invaders just got up and left, it was so abrupt our troops refused to move from their positions. The Bite has suffered heavy damage but we've only lost two of our fighters. The other ships suffered minor damage, but the enemy ship, something's up." Vern said.

"What is it?" Jane asked.

"Huge energy spikes all over, on all decks. It seems like- the hell did it just go?" Vern said.

"What just happened?" Jane asked.

"The enemy ship just turned and shot away."

Ventress, Maul, and Savage all dashed onto the bridge.

"Grievous, why were we called off?" Savage asked.

"Those ships pack more of a punch than expected. Half of our fighters have been shot down by a force a quarter their size, with them only losing two! We must return to Separatist space, immediately!" Grievous said. And then, the ship turned, involuntarily and shot away. In the weeks to come, Grievous sent countless technicians to determine the source of the energy spike in the ship. But the Force could not be explained by technicians. Ventress never understood the hatred and rage she'd seen in the soldier's eyes, and neither did Maul. But they both felt that they would meet again. Soon.

**\*\*Author's note: Sorry I haven't updated in so long guys, I've been studying for my finals. But here it is! Now we will be transferring back to the Star War side of the story, and I will have tons of fun making that side. As always, this has been InnocentBlaze686, burning out.\*\***

## 6. Down from Hellish Skies, to green forest

In orbit over the planet Kayshyyykâ€¦|

Republic Venator class Star Destroyer Keeper.

Canderous Ordo stood by the window and stared down at the forest world. He watched as shuttles flew to and fro from the planet. It was good to be back in command after being shown the Republic's war machine, and then making improvements.

"Armor made from plastic, what idiot came up with that?" Canderous asked himself. He'd up the clones' armor from plastic, to plasteel. This could absorb about 4 shots before being breached, and also had built in energy shields. That implement had boosted combat effectiveness by 3 times. The shields were weak, but they were good in a tight situation. The so called "chicken walkers" had been upgraded so that the pilots weren't venerable to small arms fire. Other than that, he'd imputed a more rigorous training plan. The Republic spy networks were combing the galaxy, looking for any input as to what General Grievous was up to. As Canderous wondered, a clone came around the corner.

"General Ordo, sir?" The clone asked.

"What is it trooper?" Canderous replied.

"Generals Skywalker, Kenobi, and Windu are awaiting you on the command deck. They say it's urgent." The clone said. Canderous nodded, and began a brisk pace to the turbolift. He passed several clones on the way, as well as several droids. As he neared the turbolift; a young woman in a purple and black Jedi robe bumped into him.

"Oh, I'm sorry." She said. Canderous looked at her, and recognized her as the Padawan who had nursed him back to health, Barris Offee.

"No need, I should have been looking where I was going." Canderous said.

"Hey, Barris, wait up!" A voice called from behind them. Both turned to see Ashoka Tano running up behind them. "Well, it's good to see we're not the only ones headed for this meeting." Ashoka said.

"Indeed." Canderous said. He approached the turbolift and opened the door. He allowed both girls in before stepping in himself, and hitting the button for the command deck.

"A gentlemen, Mandalorian? I never knew such existed!" Ashoka said, leaning on the wall.

"Spend a good time with two different Jedi, and they tend to rub off on you." Canderous said as the doors slid open. The three walked over to the holoterminal where Obi-Wan, Anakin, and Windu stood.

"Not a moment too soon, Snips." Anakin said.

"Did you really think I'd let you down Skyguy?" She asked, crossing her arms.

"Enough with the pleasantries, we have information that the CIS are making moves on four different planets." Windu said. Canderous place his hands on the edge of the holoterminal and leaned on them.

"Do we know which ones?" He asked.

"Naboo, Mandalore, and Kayshyyyk. The fourth is a densely populated planet." Obi-Wan said.

"That could mean Taris, Onderon, Coruscant, or any other of the core worlds." Ashoka said.

"Which leaves a lot of room for attack. Put the Core worlds on high alert and engage martial law for the time being." Canderous said.

"Until when?" Windu asked.

"Until the threat has been dealt with." Canderous said.

"General Windu, multiple hyperspace distortions. The Separatists are here!" An officer called out.

"I will take control of our forces on the ground, I will take Padawan Tano and Masters Skywalker and Kenobi. Can you and Padawan Offee deal with the fighting here?" Canderous asked.

"I will do my best." Barris said.

"I'll take care of things up here." Windu said. Canderous nodded. He motioned for his three Jedi to follow him down to the hanger. They took the turbolift down to the hanger deck and began a brisk pace to their fighters.

"So it begins." Obi-Wan said.

"What?" Ashoka asked.

"The Republic Intelligence Services have been hearing snippets of a rebooted Separatist offensive recently. I guess they were true." The ship suddenly shook violently, and they were all thrown to the floor. Then, the right wall where Obi-Wan and Ashoka stood next to was torn off, and the vacuum of space suddenly began to suck everything out. Obi-Wan and Ashoka were torn off of their feet as the vacuum sucked the oxygen. Obi-Wan and Ashoka managed to cling on to a piece of paneling left. Anakin helped his former master through. He then reach for Ashoka, but the paneling gave way, and she began to fall away into space. Canderous jumped through the hole in the wall, much to Obi-Wan and Anakin's horror.

"Ashoka, reach for me!'" Canderous screamed. Ashoka, who was slowly turning blue, grabbed hold of his hand. Canderous threw her backwards with his full might, and watched as she sailed through the hole. Then the ray shield came up as she landed with a thud on the floor.

"Masters, I am quite alright out here. My armor holds about a half hour of air, so if you would kindly pick me up before that time expired, I would be happy." Canderous said through his helmet radio. A few moments later, Canderous was on an LAAT gunship down to the woshyr forests of Kayshyyk.

"Reports are coming in from several listening posts on the planet. They say that General Grievous is here." Obi-Wan said.

"Describe him for me. I've never seen the great General before." Canderous said.

"Grievous was once a Kaleesh warlord before his shuttle crashed. The Separatists healed him and grafted all of his vital organs into a cyborg body. His arms can form another pair, allowing him to wield four lightsabers. He's vicious in command as well as in combat." Obi-Wan said.

"Plus he's Obi-Wan's best friend." Anakin said, smiling.

"Far from it, my former apprentice." Obi-Wan said, exasperated.

"Entering planetary atmosphere in 5 seconds, hold on to something, because this gonna get a little rough!" The clone pilot said from up front. The gunship began to shake and rumble.

"Where are my Mandalorians being deployed?" Canderous asked.

"Jango and Boba Fett are leading your men along the Atran beachhead. They'll be defending against the Kaleesh warriors landing near that area." Anakin said.

"And you?"

"I'll be fighting in the air, once I get a hold of my fighter." Anakin said. Canderous looked at Ashoka, who was slightly shivering.

"Are you all right, Ashoka?" Canderous asked. She nodded numbly.

"I- I still feel, cold." She said.

"Vacuum does that to you, but it will pass when we get to the planet." Canderous said. Ashoka nodded again.

"Why, did you jump out like that, to get me?" She asked.

"Because I do not fear death any longer." Canderous said simply. "I've dealt death, but I've seen countless other die in my service. My only wish now is to rejoin them."

"General Ordo, you'll be dropping in 30 seconds! Fighting looks pretty rough, it will have to be a fast landing!" The pilot said.

"Drop me from this altitude over the battlefield." Canderous said.

"Sir?"

"You heard me. I want this gunship intact, not in a billion pieces." Canderous said.

"You sure about this?" Anakin asked.

"You finally show caution for him?" Obi-Wan asked?

"I have jump jets. Besides, I want to enter my first battle of the new age, Mandalorian fashion." Canderous said. He chuckled, as the doors slide open. "See you when this is all over!" Canderous called. He gave a mad laugh before diving out the open door. The doors slide shut and the pilot flew off.

"Why is it you show concern over the ideas he has, but not mine?" Obi-Wan asked.

"Because Master, it's fun to watch."

"Sometimes I wish you were still my Padawan, you'd be doing so much away from the battlefield, like logistics."

"You wouldn't!"

"Try me."

Above the Atran beachheadâ€¦

Canderous dived out of the doors of the gunship, laughing as he did so. He relished the sensation of a drop, and he loved every second of it. He drew his blaster rifle from his magnetic holster on his back, and held it in his right hand. As he cleared the clouds, Canderous thought back to the Mandalorian conquests millennia ago. The Basilisk war droids, the burning of the Cathar homeworld, all in crystal clarity. In that instant, he was no longer Canderous Ordo. He was Mandalor the Preserver. As he neared the ground, he smiled, thinking of the gross carnage that was to come when he landed.

"Kelborn, are you there?" Mandalor asked his second.

"Yes sir, where the bloody hell are you sir?" Kelborn asked.

"Get ready for some carnage, only a mad man could inflict." Mandalor said.

"Sir?"

"WHO WANTS TO DIE FIRST?" Mandalor yelled at the top of his lungs. The Kaleesh all turned to see a figure in black grey armor descend upon them, like a demon sent from hell. A crazed laugh was heard as he let loose a torrent of red blaster bolts, killing everything in sight. Mandalor activated his jump jets, as he came dangerously close to the ground. He continued to fire, cutting down anything in his path. The Kaleesh turned their attention from the warriors in front of them, to the one behind them. This was a mistake, as every Wookiee and Mandalorian charged their position. Bolts of green and red flashed across the beach as they charged, some discarding their blasters for their famed Mandalorian vibroblades. The Wookies did the same, roaring at their attackers as they crashed into them. However, the Kaleesh, led by their war chiefs and by the infamous General Grievous, did not back down so easily. They returned fire and began to trade blows with their attackers. Mandalor was in the thick of it. A Kaleesh warrior charged him, screaming, blade held high.

"Insolent whelp, I led the most feared fighting force in the galaxy, and you have the nerve to challenge me?!" Mandalor called. He sidestepped the charge, and brought his rifle stock onto the Kaleesh's spine, snapping it before shooting him in the back of the head. "Fool." Mandalor said. He turned to find a Kaleesh rifle stock bearing down on him. Mandalor dropped his rifle, and grabbed the stock. He reversed the movement, pushing the barrel into its owner's mouth, before reaching forward, and pulling the trigger. A sudden roar of flame was heard, and Mandalor watch as the Fetts descended from above, lighting their flame throwers. The screams of the Kaleesh was music to Mandalor's ears, and he laughed as three Kaleesh jumped on top of him.

"I hope you love flying!" He said, as he took off from the ground. The Kaleesh all screamed as Mandalor took them to 20 meters, before dropping them. He then proceeded to soar back into the dueling, bringing his own blade to bear. He sliced the first Kaleesh he saw in half, turning he kicked a Kaleesh chieftain in the back, sending him onto a Wookiee's waiting blades.

"Mandalor!" A voice called from behind him. He turned to see a Kaleesh chief holding his vibroblade, aimed directly at Mandalor. "It



is time to see whether or not 1000 years of sleeping has dulled your blade!" The chief charged, swing his vibroblade in an arc. Mandalor raised his in defense, blocking the blow that would have brained him. He then went on the offensive, slicing and cutting. He and the chief fought as the battle raged around them. Out of nowhere, 4 warriors surrounded Mandalor, and they in turn, began to hack at him. Mandalor was on the defensive, defending from 5 different enemies at once. He held out for a time, before his sword was sent dancing out of his hands.

"So, the mighty leader is not as good as his stories." Said one of the warriors. They openly laughed at him, mocking him. The chief stepped forward, and opened his mouth to taunt Mandalor, but a loud, enraged roar pierced the air. One of the warriors, the first to mock Mandalor, turned, only to be beheaded by a Wookie. The Wookie decimated the 3 other warriors, before rounding on the chief.

"What menace are you?" He asked, right before he was gutted by the Wookie. Mandalor turned to the Wookie.

"I am in your debt, Wookie." He said, bowing low. The furred behemoth was obviously taken aback by this, knowing who this man was. It let out a series of grunts and roars. Mandalor's helmet translated.

"You delivered a foe to my hands, and I repaid it with 5 foes." The Wookie said.

"What is your name, Wookie?" Mandalor asked.

"I am Chewbacca." The Wookie grunted.

"Then, Chewbacca let us spill more blood!" Mandalor said. A Kaleesh rushed him from behind, only to double over as Mandalor thrust his newly regained vibroblade backwards into his stomach. The Kaleesh were being routed as Mandalor and Chewbacca sliced, cut, and hacked their way through their bodies. Then, a heavy thud was heard in front of them. Mandalor watch as 5 CIS tanks plowed their way across the waters, the repulsorlifts whirring.

"Don't worry Canderous, I got this." Said a voice over Mandalor's comn link. Anakin came soaring over the beach with 4 Republic gunships. Rockets flew from their laces, and the tanks exploded in white hot flame. The Mandalorians and Wookies cheered as they watch the Kaleesh throw their weapons down on the sand, and went on their knees; throwing their hands in the air in surrender. Mandalor roared in triumph.

"Soldiers! We are ULTIMATE!" Mandalor roared. He felt like he could take on the entire CIS army right then. Which was good, because in the next few hours, he would have to.

"Canderous, this is Ashoka Tano, please respond!" Came Ashoka's voice in Mandalor's helmet.

"I'm here, what is your status?" Mandalor asked.

"The droids are overrunning the Mactern beach! We need support ASAP!" Ashoka said urgently.

"I'm on my way, hold out until then." Mandalor said. He cut the

channel, and turned to Chewbacca. "I must go. You are a valiant warrior, Chewbacca, but if I come back and you're dead, I will piss on your grave." Mandalor said to the furry behemoth. "Kelborn, you're in charge!" Mandalor said. He activated his jump jets, and began to fly towards a hell worse than what he had faced in his time.

## 7. Chapter 7: Mactern Beach 1

Mactern Beach

Red, blue, and green light flickered over Mactern beach as the allied forces of the Republic and the Wookies attempted to hold back the onslaught of the massive Separatist army. Right now, they were failing. Mactern beach was located directly in front of a critical land route into Roiksteva village; a home to thousands of Wookies. This village also held a Republic medical center, where clones from all over the planetside were being treated. General Grievous wanted the village and surrounding forest burnt to ashes, and so he sent a brigade's worth of droids at it. Initial bombings of the beach had been largely successful, killing many of the defenders. Now, it was up to the numbers of the droids to overwhelm the few clones and Wookies remaining.

"Throwing grenade!"

"Incoming!"

"Man down!"

"Medic!"

"Where are our reinforcements?"

Those were among the many phrases shouted by the clones. The droids were falling easily, but they were still making significant headway. Clones who stuck their head up had to be quick with their shots, lest they be hit by the countless blaster bolts fired by the B-1 battle droids. A droid fighter strafed the beach; the resulting explosion sent multiple clones flying. And the Mand'alor was flying straight into that hell. He landed near the Republic Forward Operations Post (FOP), and a clone with yellow stripes greeted him.

"General Ordo, sir!" The clone said, saluting.

"At ease, Commander, what's our situation?" Mand'alor asked.

"Well, the droids just keep coming, wave after wave, never giving our boys a moments rest. I've been trying to get reinforcements, but I can't get any comm connection. There's no jammer that our eyes in the sky have seen, so it must be on their end." The commander said.

"What can you tell me about our location?" Mand'alor asked.

"We have two Wookie towers on our flanks, but the droids seem to want our boys away from there, as they're closing in on us from those sides. If I could have just one squad of either heavy weapons, snipers, or both, we could ensure that our flanks are secured." The commander replied.

"Could you get an automated turret up there?" Mand'alor asked. The commander looked at him curiously.

"Yes sir, of course. Why?" The commander asked.

"Because we need some automatic fire up there; get some men to set that up there, and bring up squads of both heavy weapons and snipers. I'll take an infantry squad and clear that area out. Also, where's General Tano?" Mand'alor asked. The commander pointed a short distance ahead, where a squad of clones was firing, and an orange girl with white head tails was dodging and deflecting blaster fire. Mand'alor dashed off, pulling his repeater from its magnetic holster as he ran. He dived behind cover, where he was met by a surprised yelp from Captain Rex.

"What took you so long?" Ashoka asked.

"I was taking in the view. Listen, we need a group of clones up on those towers, so we need to clear that place out. I need you and your men with me."

"We'll get it done sir!" Rex called.

"When do we move?" Ashoka asked.

"Now!" Mand'alor sprinted across the sand, the clones and Ashoka in hot pursuit. Red blaster bolts flew around them, and Mand'alor fired a few shots back. As he neared the tower, he saw a group of 6 B-2 battle droids approaching, blaster cannons on their arms firing at them. Ashoka sped towards them, and she sliced on down the middle, and another two were either stabbed or slashed. The clones combined their fire to take down the other three, and soon they were at the base of the first tower.

"Everyone upright?" Rex called.

"Yup."

"Barely."

"You could say that, sir."

"I'm good."

"Alright, up this ramp, go go!" Rex shouted. The clones stormed up the ramp, and as they reached the top, they saw a group of B-1s working on an auto turret. They were quickly cut down by the clones, but a few shots went stray and hit part of the deck, which groaned.

"Check the other tower; make sure they aren't setting up another turret." Mand'alor said. "Does anyone know how to hack one of these?" He then asked.

"I know my way around a tech board sir; let me see what I can do." Replied one of the clones. He strode over to the turret and opened a small panel on its side. "It's not powered up yet, so I can change the programming so that it will shoot the droids." The clone said as he tinkered with the turret. "Got it, someone pass me that power

box." One of the other clones slid the power box over. He slightly over shot and the box slid near the edge, where the stray shots had hit. The clone dived for it and grabbed it firmly. "It's alright, I got-"He was cut off abruptly as the deck gave way. The clone tossed the box onto the more stable part of the deck, before he began to fall. The turret started to fall, but a pair of clones grabbed it, and hauled it back. The clone reached for the edge of the deck, but missed, and he screamed as he began to free fall. He then felt a jerk on his out stretched hands, and he looked up to see Mand'alor had grabbed his hand.

"No one falls on my watch." He said, and heaved the clone back up.

"Th-thank you, General." The clone sputtered.

"No problem, just watch your step boy." Mand'alor said. The clone nodded rapidly, and he hooked the power box to the auto turret. It buzzed to life, and immediately began to target the mass of droids below.

"Yeah! Let them have it!" The clone yelled.

"Sir! There's another turret being set up on the other tower! It's a rocket turret sir!" One of the other clones called. Mand'alor used his built in zoom optics to look across to the other tower. Indeed, another group of droids had set up a turret, with a sizeable stack of rocket ammunition.

"Sir, snipers and heavies coming up!" Rex called. The first up was a clone dressed in the odd Reconnaissance armor of the Grand Army.

"Should we start shooting sir?" The sniper asked as his squad joined him.

"Start with those droids on the other tower, make sure that turret and its ammo remain intact." Mand'alor said. He soon heard the clamoring of the heavy weapons squad. The clones were dressed normally, save an odd blue sash over their shoulder. They were all carrying standard issue blaster rifles, but a few had rocket launchers, and others had E-Web heavy repeaters.

"Heavies, on my mark give me and my men cover fire as we head to that tower."

"You got it." The squad leader said. The clones approached the edge, and began quick weapon checks.

"Trooper." Mand'alor said to the clone that had rewired the auto turret.

"Yes sir?"

"What's your name?"

"CT-98174 sir." The trooper said.

"That's not what I meant." Mand'alor said harshly. The trooper sighed, and one of his squad mates sniggered behind his

back.

"Freefall, sir." He said dejectedly. The squad erupted in laughter. Rex chuckled a bit, but not much.

"Come on then, Freefall, we have another tower to conqueror." Mand'alor said. He marched down the ramp, with Rex and Freefall trailing behind.

"How did you get that name?" Rex asked.

"I got it during basic; we were training in a mountain simulation. AT-TE blew up and caused a section of the mountain to fall. I was able to survive the 300 meter drop, somehow. My squadmates watch from a safe distance as I free fell down the mountain side. They said I'd make the most flightless bird not want flight anymore." Freefall said.

"Three hundred meters? I didn't know they were that tall." Rex said as they neared the bottom of the ramp.

"Well, at least you didn't find out the hard way." Freefall said darkly.

"Well, I found out the hard way that Twi'lek's have some of the toughest women." Rex said.

"Tell me after this." Freefall said as they gathered near the base of the tower.

"Everyone ready?" Ashoka called.

"Wait, Ashoka I need you to run back to the FOP and see if you can't radio for reinforcements." Mand'alor said.

"Why me?" Ashoka asked indignantly.

"Because you can run like you're being chased by a star ship. I need a fast runner to get back to the tree line, and besides, you're a general, and you'll have more pull." Mand'alor said. Ashoka nodded, and reluctantly sped away to the trees.

"On my mark!" Mand'alor said. He took a running stance, as did the rest of the clones. "Mark!" Mand'alor barked, and he sprinted across the beach again. The snipers fired in unison, and hit the droids all in the head, and the heavies began their clamorous spray of blaster fire. Most of the fire from the droids was halted for a few, brief seconds, and the clones and Wookies took advantage and poured it on them. Mand'alor was a quarter of the way there when the fire started again. He dove behind a barricade, and the rest of the clones followed suit.

"At this rate, the droids will be marching over backsides before we get to the tower." Rex hissed.

"Canderous do you read me?" Came Anakin's voice over the comm link.

"I hear you Skywalker, what's your status?" Mand'alor replied.

"I got Ashoka's call; I have a squadron with me ready to make a strafing run over the beach, after that you're on your own." Anakin said.

"Rodger, what's your ETA?" Mand'alor asked.

"Thirty seconds, be ready to do something, when we arrive." Anakin said.

"Copy that, Mand'alor out." He cut the call.

"What's the almighty word from on high sir?" Freefall asked.

"General Skywalker is doing a strafe over the beach. When he does, we move, understand?" Mand'alor demanded. He got unison of "Yes sir."  
"Now that's what I like to hear."

"How much longer?" Rex asked.

"20 seconds and dropping." Mand'alor said. The clones shifted uneasily.

"Captain?" Freefall asked.

"Yes, Freefall?" Rex asked.

"If we survive this, do you think I could requisition a jetpack?" Freefall asked innocently. Rex turned and starred at him before he broke into laughter.

"You have to have the worst luck to ask that!" Rex laughed. The rest of the squad laughed along.

"I think it's a legitimate question, Rex. Twelve seconds." Mand'alor said.

"I'll see what I can do, Freefall, no guarantees." Rex said.

"Thank you sir." Freefall said.

"6-5-4-3-2-1, Go go go!" Mand'alor cried. A yellow Jedi interceptor and a group of ARC-170 fighters fly over the tree line, and fired a massive barrage of fire on the advancing droids. The clones streaked across the beach, sprinting as if they were sprinting towards their only means of salvation, which in a sense, it was. They reached the base of the tower before the droids started up again.

"How, \_huf huf\_, many, \_huf huf\_, are there?" Freefall asked.

"I don't know, but it's too many." Rex said. Freefall shook his head.

"Ready to work your magic, Freefall?" Mand'alor asked.

"Whenever you need me sir." Freefall panted. Mand'alor nodded, and he slowly started his way up.

"Snipers, anyone up here?" Mand'alor asked.

"Nothing I can see sir." Replied one of the snipers.

"Copy that." He continued to trudge up the ramp, slowly, allowing the clones to catch their breath. He then heard a clone behind him, and he turned to see Freefall walking up next to him.

"I told you whenever you needed me sir." Freefall said. He jogged up the ramp and he reached the top. The ammo pile was lying in a pyramid next to the turret. Freefall slung his rifle over his shoulder.

"Looks like a manual turret sir, no need to-"He was cut off as an assassin droid tackled him from behind the pile. A second appeared and drew it's vibroblade on Mand'alor, slashing at him. Mand'alor drew his own, Mandalorian blade, and he and the droid clashed. Freefall struggled with the droid, wrestling around on the deck. "Get-off-of-me!" He yelled. He planted his foot on the droid's chassis and kicked with all his might. The droid fell backward, and Freefall scrambled to his feet. He pulled his rifle, but the droid was faster, drawing its vibroblade and it made a vertical chop at Freefall. Freefall brought his rifle up to deflect, and the blade hit it, splitting the rifle in half. Mand'alor kicked his assailant away, and saw Freefall in trouble. Making a quick decision, he drew his knife, a jagged, rust orange, 1.5 foot Sith blade from the tombs of Korriban.

"Freefall, take this!" He yelled. He threw the blade, before he turned back to his opponent, which had gotten to its feet. The knife spun end over end. Freefall stepped back to avoid the droid's next slice, and the knife soared past his visor and embedded itself in the wooden pillar holding up the roof. Freefall grabbed at it and pulled, the blade tearing the wood away. The droid made another chop for him, but Freefall blocked the chop, holding the Sith knife over his head with both hands. The two struggled with each other, both looking at each other, eye to photoceptor.

"You will not kill me you giant tin can!" Freefall shouted. He pushed up, throwing the droid's blade into the air, knocking it off balance. Freefall stabbed forward, connecting with the leg joint, and cutting it clean off. The droid was forced onto one knee, and Freefall plunged the knife into its head. The droid sparked and twitched before its eyes went black. Freefall pulled on the knife, and he used his foot to push the droid's body back, yanking the knife out. He turned to see Mand'alor finishing his opponent, but a third assassin droid, true to its name was sneaking up behind him. Freefall grabbed the knife's tip, and threw the blade into the droid's head. The knife went clean through the droid's head, and it stuck itself into the wooden pillar with a solid, \_shunk\_. Mand'alor turned around to see the droid twitching and sparking, and then he looked at Freefall.

"Where did \_that\_ come from?!" Mand'alor asked in surprise.

"Quick, huf huf, thinking sir, huf huf." Freefall panted. Then there was a round of applause as Rex and the others cheered and clapped.

"And where were you?" Mand'alor growled.

"Well, their little friends," Rex said, pointing at one of the

droids, "Thought it smart to go through us."

"Fair enough. Now what were you saying before you were so rudely tackled, Freefall?" Mand'alor asked.

"Ah, yes. This is a manually operated turret which requires a team of two, ideally. One of them loads, the other aims and fires." Freefall said.

"Ideally?" Rex asked.

"It could work if it was only one clone, but it's better if it was two because loading a shooting would be much faster." Freefall said.

"Alright then. Commander, this is General Ordo, both towers have been secured, send in the auto turret teams." Mand'alor said into the comm.

"Copy that, general, we'll send the turrets your way, and the heavies and snipers are on the way up to your position as well." The commander said.

"Affirmative, any luck with more reinforcements?" Mand'alor asked.

"They are considering sending in 3 squadrons of ARC-170s, and a full detachment of clones." The commander replied.

"Thank you, Ordo out." Mand'alor said. Freefall peered out over the battlefield for a few moments.

"Hmm." He said. Rex cocked his head.

"What is it Freefall?" He asked.

"Sir, didn't intel report that there was at least a brigade's worth of droids landing on the beach?" Freefall asked.

"Yes they did, why?" Rex asked.

"Well sir, it doesn't appear to me as if they wanted this place very much. I mean, I think they do, but they're doing a poor job of taking it. We've only seen at least one squad of Super Battle Droids, where are the rest? Where are the destroyer droids? Where's the rest of the air support?" Freefall said.

"You're right, this doesn't add up." Rex said. Then, suddenly, the ground began to rumble.

"What in bloody blazes is that?!" Freefall yelled. He jumped away from the edge, pulling Rex with him. Then, they all watched as the water, about 3 miles offshore, began to rise. But it wasn't the water doing it by itself, it was a Droid Core Ship, rising up from the depths. The ring around it was there as well, and it's blast doors opened, revealing hundreds of dropships.

"By the Force." Mand'alor gasped. He keyed his comm. "Commander, patch me through to Command, ASAP!" He yelled.



"Right away!" The commander replied.

"This is Jedi Master Mace Windu." Said the voice on the other side.

"Master, this is General Canderous Ordo on Mactern beach. A fully armed Droid Core Ship just came up out of the damned water, and it's about to deploy its forces. I need those reinforcements now!" Mand'alor yelled.

"Repeat that, did you say a Core Ship?" Windu asked in surprise.

"Yes, a real as life \_Core Ship\_! I need fighters, bombers, anything you can send me to hold them off!" Mand'alor cried.

"Copy that, I will send forces to your location. At this time however, we cannot do anything about that Core Ship, as our forces in orbit are busy with the CIS fleet. Make do until we can allocate you a ship, Windu out." The Windu cut the comm.

"The word sir?" Rex asked.

"We'll have reinforcements soon, but for now we dig in. Have that turret ready, Freefall." Mand'alor said.

"Aye sir." Freefall said. Hell had come to Kayshyyyk, and Mand'alor had only passed his first ring of it.

**\*\*Author's Note:** Hello everybody, my name is Innocentblaze686 and I am sooooo sorry for leaving you guys in the dark for so long. I've been busy with school, but I've been sneaking bits here and there. Now, this is turning into one of the most enjoyable fanfictions I've written to this date, mainly because I've gotten good feedback, and I'm able to let the storyline flow. Also, I hoped you enjoyed my little introduction to Mr. Freefall, he was one of the best characters to think up, particularly the name and the little story behind it. Now, this is fair warning. I've decided that Mand'alor is going to have his own little squad. This is going to be made up of Freefall and eleven other characters, and I have 5 names for you: Songbird, Twirly, Tongues, Burnie, and Priest. I came up with the names based off of actions, misfortune, and personality, which is making this section of **\*\*\_\*\*From Domination to Genocide\*\*\_\*\***, a very interesting tale. Not to say that the Halo portion won't be enjoyable, but, this is a new area for me, so I will have fun experimenting with characters. Also, I am going to bring attention to a few other authors whose stories I have found interesting: NickKap,\*\*\*\*KjarthofStormhold, and DanishCookie\*\*\*\*KjarthofStormhold\*\*\*\*,\*\*\*\* As always guys, this has been Innocentblaze686, hope you enjoyed the fact that I am back, I am happy to be back, but this blaze has to burn out.\*\*

## 8. Author's Note I

**\*\*Author's Note:** Hello guys, Innocentblaze686 here, and I felt the need to make a mass response to the 41 some reviews I've gotten since I started **\*\*\_\*\*From Domination to Genocide\*\*\_\*\***. First and foremost I'm going to respond to the multiple reviews regarding the fact that I allow the Jedi and Sith alike to deflect bullets. For example, here

are some of the reviews regarding said issue: \*\*

Guest 5/4/13 . chapter 4

What?! You can't deflect bullets with a light saber! The heat of the blade would melt the rounds, then momentum would carry the liquid metal projectiles right into your body! I call foul.

Species Unknown 6/19/13 . chapter 4

...i see only ONE problem here, and that is the fact that a lightsaber is made from super-heated plasma, there for, bullet's wouldn't be DEFLECTED, they'd either be melted and go right through, or they'd evaporate from the heat

ssthehunter 7/4/13 . chapter 8

(Its not letting me log in)

>I agree with you, How the hell does a lightsaber, an weapon made out of pure energy deflect a supersonic physical material? At best it would vaporize, leaving toxic fumes where the jedisith was/is. At worst they would slice it in half, causing both halves to impact them. Either that, or turn the material into a bolt of liquid metal/material, causing a impact from a superheated liquid at supersonic speeds.

\*\*Okay, so let me explain one thing. I decided to put the bullet tips not as lead, steel, or tungsten, but as depleted uranium. They are deflected by lightsabers because when they meet the lightsaber, it reenergizes the tip of the bullet, and the two energy sources collide, and much like a blaster shot, ricochets off. One reviewer said this when I explained this whole thing.\*\*

"One last thing though, if you have the Sith able to deflect the shots from the UNSC's SRS series back at the shooter, I am going to be very unhappy. Same goes for the SAW and all mounted machine guns."

\*\*I can assure you guys that no bullets will be deflected right back at the shooter, but they may be hit by the bullets bouncing all over the place. On to the next thing, this guy brought up a decent point that I wanted to mention.\*\*

Space Trooper 5/4/13 . chapter 4

One thing with this: There is a reason it's almost impossible to travel outside the Star Wars galaxy. That reason is that there is a hyperspace disturbance that surrounds most of the galaxy. so unless they found a tear in that disturbance, then they shouldn't be going anywhere.

\*\*Mr. Space Trooper brought up a fair point, which I explained to him about. I specifically put in that the Force altered the hyperdrive to break through said disturbance. If you are now wondering how the heck the Republic will leave to get to the Genocide part of this story, that will be hinted at when we get towards the of the Kayshyyk battle. Moving on to the next thing, this is an apology to people who understood the timeline of KOTOR before SWTOR and the Clone Wars. It's not 1000 years it's 4000 yearsâ€¦ well oops. It had been awhile since I played KOTOR or SWTOR, so forgive me if I get mixed up. Also,

I screwed the UNSC timeline up as well by about 4 years, so instead of 23 years it was 27. I am not good at math when it comes to years, I'm sorry.\*\*

\*\*Now I'm moving on to discuss the actual story itself. So, as you heard from my author's note last chapter, I am currently making clone OCs that will have a bigger role than one's from the canon. I prefer it this way to be frank, mainly because I have a little more freedom to develop characters. Currently I have for names and personalities: Freefall, Songbird, Twirly, Tongues, Burnie, and War Monk. War Monk's name was changed from Priest, mainly because I felt the need to change his name, and I had just read about Buddhist fighting monks that were in Shogun: Total War. I've also decided to bring in our favorite assassin, HK-47. "Query: Who will I kill in the story, Master?" That is yet to be decided my rust colored death machine.\*\*

\*\*One thing that you may get a wee bit ticked at is the fact that I may/may not allow Canderous to use the Force to a degree, and use lightsabers; specifically Revan's. I already hear the cries of outrage from you guys. It's just to continue the legacy of Revan, speaking of which we will see yet another Shan. This is going to trigger a lot of nostalgia for our mighty Mando, so it may be beneficial, might not be. \*\*

\*\*I also wanted to discuss the leading up to leaving the Star Wars Galaxy and the arrival in the Orion Arm. There are going to be a total of 4 major battles, and 5 side trips Canderous takes with his little squad of clones. The major battles are as follows: Kayshyyk, Felucia, Mandalore, and finally Coruscant. Side trips will include: Korriban, Duxn, Dantooine, Nar Shaddaa, and Telos. These are all places you could go in at least one of the KOTOR games.\*\*

\*\*Finally, I wanted to get some things out of the way before we went to the Halo and Star Wars battles. I will be inventing ideas of my own, and I will also bring in ideas from Halo 4. I hear the hardcore fans raging. Yes, that means I will have the Mantis, Railgun, Sticky Detonator, etc. I will make up guns and vehicles as I go, as well as tactics. Well, thank you for reading, I hope that when the next chapter of \*\*\_\*\*From Domination to Genocide\*\*\_\*\* comes out, you guys will enjoy. This has been Innocentblaze686, burning out.\*\*

## 9. Chapter 9 : A Songbird Flies

Mactern beach.

"How in the galaxy did the clankers manage to smuggle a Core Ship and all of its hardware down to the bottom of the ocean?" Rex asked the air.

"We'll find out later, but right now we need to focus on holding off these droids until we can put down that Core Ship." Mand'alor said.

"We'll be dead by then, sir! Do you know how many droids that thing can transport?" Rex asked incredulously.

"How many?" Mand'alor asked.

"Approximately 31,000 droids." Rex said. Mand'alor shook his head.

"Then we need to shut that thing down before then. Freefall, how's it looking?" Mand'alor asked the fall prone clone.

"They just off loaded 3 Octuptarra class droids sir." Freefall responded. Rex groaned.

"Where's the air support?" He asked the air again.

CTP-5937 flew in a wedge shaped with his ARC-170 squadron, and he flew towards the back end of the wedge. He sighed as he watched the trees go by.

"You alright over there?" Asked his copilot, Spot On. He got his name from the fact that he was the best navigator in the squadron, and he never missed his locations; nor his blaster shots.

"I'm fine, just nervous for this run. Did you hear we're assisting the troops at Mactern beach? They have a bloody Core Ship floating a few clicks off shore!" CT-5937 exclaimed.

"Oy, Songbird, cut the chatter!" Said his squad leader, Arrowhead. Songbird sighed again, and he shut up as he heard his nickname called. For a clone, he had an unnaturally good singing voice, and thus he had got his nickname.

"Hey, don't worry about him, Songbird; he's just a little tense." Songbird's gunner, Spray, said. Spray was known to light up an area with droids so fast that he it looked like a light show on Coursant.

"He's always tense." Spot On said.

"He has reason to be." Spray said.

"Even during the most basic of flight maneuvers? I don't think so." Spot On said. Songbird concentrated on flying. He generally didn't jump between these two when they had their little disagreements. The two just weren't compatible, especially with their names.

"Alright fliers, here's the brief for us. Core Ship came up out of the water and it is now depositing its greasy clankers all over the Wookie beach of Mactern. We are here to ensure that not too many of the clankers land so that our little Wook friends and clone blaster jockeys don't have too much fun, alright?" Tail Feathers, the second in commander said. The clones gave a general chuckle as the trees slowly began to fade away into beach. Then, they saw the black swarm of droid starfighters looming ahead of them.

"By the Force." Songbird breathed.

"Arrowhead, shouldn't we find another way around this?" Spot On asked.

"Negative, we fly straight through." Arrowhead said firmly.

"But it's suicide!" Songbird cried.

"It's orders." Arrowhead said. Songbird sighed for the umpteenth time. Then he had an idea. He looked out over the thinning trees.

"Hey, Spot On, could we fly through those thinning trees?" Songbird asked.

"Yes, why?" Spot On asked.

"Because we're going that way. Plot a path that will bring us around high so we can hit the droids where it hurts." Songbird said.

"I don't think we should-" Spray began to say.

"Would you rather die knowing we did something, or that we get atomized before we can even perform evasive maneuvers?" Spot On asked. Spray remained quiet. "Exactly. Course is plotted, go on my mark." Songbird tightened his grip on the flight stick. The cloud of starfighters loomed closer.

"Get ready fliers, For the Republic!" Arrowhead cheered. Songbird gripped the flight stick harder and swallowed.

"Ready to defy orders, Spot?" Songbird asked.

"Yeah. Go in three, two, one, mark!" Spot On said loudly. The droid starfighters opened fire, just as the ARC-170s did as well. Songbird made it look to see as if he was dodging fire, then he dived into the trees, Spray firing until they reached the cover.

"Songbird, 3 tangos on our six!" Spray shouted.

"Songbird, where in the galaxy are you going?" Tail Feathers asked.

"Got three on me, I'll try to lose them in the trees, then swing around and hit the clankers from the rear." Songbird said.

"I thought I said to go straight through?" Arrowhead shouted.

"You did, but I for one want to be able to kill a few droids before my stabilizers go out!" Songbird said. He cut the channel.

"Songbird, make a right now!" Spot On said urgently. Songbird took a sharp right turn around a woshyr tree, and the droid fighters pursued. However, one of them crashed into one of the tree's massive branches, enveloping the branch in a ball of flame.

"Damn, I was hoping I could shoot him down!" Spray said.

"There's two more left." Spot On said. "You'll have plenty of opportunities to shoot them!"

"Fair point." Spray said. He fired and, like his namesake, sprayed the forests of Kayshyyk with blue laser fire. He grazed one of the fighters, causing it to perform erratic maneuvers to avoid the sea of blue coming at him.

"Bank right!" Spot On shouted. Songbird pulled hard on the flight stick, making a hard right. The last member of the ARC-170 crew was a chromed gray R3 series astromech named Stonechrome, mainly because of his color and chrome. As Songbird made the turn, Stonechrome gave a long sharp whistle.

"I know I'm going fast, but if I slow down, those droids will blast us!" Songbird said to the distressed astromech. Stonechrome beeped angrily. "Whatever." Songbird said exasperatedly.

"Stonechrome, lock down the complaints until we're out of this." Spot On said harshly. Stonechrome complied, grudgingly. "Alright, Songbird, begin a slight climb, we're almost out."

"Finally, Spray, any luck with our followers?" Songbird asked.

"They're smart buggers, but I've clipped them a few times." Spray said. He began to fire bursts as opposed to his initial spray.

"Well hurry up and take them out before I clear these trees, or else I'll get them myself!" Songbird said. Spray grunted his acknowledgment.

"About a kilometer left before we're out!" Spot On said. A kilometer was about 10 seconds. And these became the longest in Songbird's life. The droid fighters began to fire, and their shots screamed past the ARC-170.

"Spray!" Songbird cried.

"I'm trying!" He replied. Spray aimed and fired. His burst hit the fighter he had clipped earlier dead in between the eyes. The fighter exploded in a ball of bright yellow and orange flame.

"Nice shot!" Spot On cried. And then they cleared the tree line. Songbird did a back flip with the fighter over the droid fighter, which had sped up significantly since it had cleared the trees. He finished the flip behind the now confused droid fighter, lined up his cannons on the fighter, and pressed the trigger, hard. A trio of 2 blaster cannon bursts hit the fighter squarely in the rear. It spun, dipped, and dived and then exploded, showering debris all over the waters of Kayshyyk.

"Nice maneuver!" Spot On exclaimed.

"So far everyone has a kill except Stonechrome." Songbird said.

"Huh?" Said both Spray and Spot On in unison.

"Spray hit one dead in the face, I hit one in the tail and thanks to Spot On's navigation, one droid couldn't make the turn." Songbird explained. Both clones thought about Songbird's logic and then chuckled. Songbird then banked right again and headed to the beach.

"Absolutely brilliant." Spot On said. However, unbeknownst to them, Songbird's kill had not gone unnoticed. Mandalorians watched as Songbird zoomed towards the battle.

"Hmm, impressive." He muttered. He then opened a comm channel with the ARC-170. "I saw that maneuver you boys pulled. Mind taking out a few Octuparra droids for us grunts?" Mand'alor asked. The abruptness of the message startled the trio of clones.

"Who is this?" Songbird asked.

"General Canderous Ordo."

"Send us the coordinates." Songbird said quickly. "Er, sir." He said hastily. Spot On received the target coordinates.

"It's really him?" Spot On asked.

"Yeah." Songbird said. He then looked for the droids. He saw them, just coming out of the water and onto the beach. "Ready?" Songbird asked. He got grunts. He breathed in, breathed out, and then dived. His target locator targeted the nearest droid, and Songbird fired his proton missiles. A pair of them shot out from his fighter, and hit the droid right beneath the giant head. As it collapsed, Songbird repeated the process with the other two droids. Their lumbering forms hit the sand and kicked up a mini sandstorm, obscuring the droids and messed with their targeting systems. The clones cheered as they saw the fighter fly by.

"They love us!" Spray said. Songbird wagged his wings, and then veered off to find the rest of his squadron. He saw them locked in combat with the droid starfighters. There were significantly fewer than before on both sides.

"Anyone miss us?" Songbird asked. He lined up a shot, and fired, hitting a droid and sent it spiraling into another.

"About time! What took you so long?" Arrowhead called.

"We had a general commandeer us." Songbird said as he dived, avoiding a droid fighter.

"Who?"

"General Ordo."

"He's here?!" Arrowhead asked.

"Yes."

"By the Force." Songbird fired a burst at a droid fighter, missing. Then he noticed a high pitched beeping noise.

"Missile!" Spray shouted. Then, the missile hit. It impacted where Spray sat, destroying the whole section, leaving nothing left of him. The engines buckled, and began to fail.

"Spray!" Songbird shouted. He tried to pull up, but he only made it halfway before the engines failed. "Spot On, Stonechrome, brace for crash landing!" Songbird shouted as the ARC-170 hurtled towards the trees. As they entered the tree line, the left wing hit a tree, spinning the fighter. Then, the right wing hit another tree, flipping it end over end. All Songbird remembered was spinning and falling and

spinning, before all went back.

Mand'alor watched in horror as the ARC-170 crashed into the ground. He clenched his fists as he watched the droids. He then made a decision.

"Rex, hold position here, Freefall, on me!" He called.

"Coming sir!" Freefall abandoned his position at the rocket turret, turning it over to one of his squadmates. "What's the objective?"

"An ARC-170 crashed just beyond the tree line. We're gonna go see if we can't pull a survivor from the wreckage." Mand'alor said. Freefall gave a curt nod, and the pair sprinted down the ramp. They made their way from cover to cover, trying to avoid being hit by the droid fire. Even with the new shields and armor, clones could be easy pickings if they weren't cautious. As they neared the FOB, Ashoka walked over.

"The reinforcements are arriving shortly." She said.

"Good, call in for some more fighters." Mand'alor said. He glanced up. Most of the ARCs were gone, a very few were doing well. "We'll need them." Ashoka nodded and leaped back into the FOB. Mand'alor and Freefall continued their run. As they neared the crash site, Freefall sharply inhaled.

"I don't think anyone made it sir." He said grimly. The ARC-170 had been absolutely wrecked by the fall. It laid on its side, pieces strewn about, parts of it were still in the trees, and there were sparks and small fires all around it.

"We don't know that!" Mand'alor snapped angrily.

"Yes sir!" Freefall said quickly. He hadn't meant to anger the general like that. Mand'alor quickened his pace. A panel moved suddenly, and a gray chromed astromech righted itself. "At least this bugged made it." Freefall said. He moved over to the astromech and dusted off his head. The droid whistled in appreciation. Then, it turned and began to scour the wreckage.

"See, he's looking for survivors." Mand'alor said. He stood next to the navigators spot, which had wreckage covering it. Suddenly, a white armored hand shot out and grabbed Mand'alor's boot. He reacted, shaking the foot off quickly as the navigator, Spot On, crawled from the wreckage. Freefall knelt at his side, checking him over.

"Sir, he's not going to last long." Freefall said. Spot On groaned.

"Do me a favor, trooper." Spot On said hoarsely. Freefall leaned in closer. "Tell Songbird that I'm sorry. And wake me up when this war is over will you? I needâ€¦ some sleep, someâ€¦ blissful dark." And then his body went slack.

"Spot?" A voice came from the prow of the ARC-170. Songbird was standing, surprisingly unhurt by the fall. "Spot On?" He asked again. He shambled over, kneeling beside his comrade. He checked for a pulse, and then just sat there. Stonechrome came over and gave a low



\_dwooo\_. Mand'alor put his hand on Songbird's shoulder.

"Come on, pilot." He said. He shook Songbird a bit, and he nodded. He pulled his blaster pistol from its holster and stood.

"Orders, sir?" Songbird asked in a low tone. Mand'alor starred at him for a moment.

"You still have your orders: keep Mactern beach head secure. Can you still carry out that objective?" Mand'alor asked.

"Yes sir, I can still-" But Songbird stopped short. He had seen something just past Mand'alor's shoulder and there it was again. Before it could fully stand to fire, Songbird pushed Mand'alor down, raised his blaster and fired 3 shots into the commando droid's head.

"That is the second damn time I've had a clone save me! I hope to the Force that this does not become a habit!" Mand'alor said angrily. Then, a volley of red blaster fire pierced the air around the trio. Swearing, everyone dove for cover; even Stonechrome activated his jumpjets and "jumped" over the downed fighter to rest beside Songbird.

"Stang! How did they get here? How could our patrols miss them?" Songbird asked.

"Worry about that after we deal with these blighters!" Freefall shouted. He stood, let a blaster blot glance off of his shields, and then fired a burst into the midsection of a commando droid. He ducked down as another volley was fired at them. Mand'alor fired a spray of his own fire, hitting two droids and sending them down. Songbird fired precise shots at the droids, hitting them where they were most vulnerable.

"How in the galaxy do you shot like that?" Freefall asked.

"Spot On didn't get his name for just his navigation skills!" Songbird said simply. One of the commando's threw a fragmentation grenade, and it bounced off Stonechrome's head, and landed a foot from him. Emitting a series of angry whistles and bleeps which would have been considered curses by organics; Stonechrome bent down, extended an arm and picked up the frag. He then activated his jump jets, and using his moment, threw the frag back at the droid who threw it. It bounced off its head, but this time, the droid in question couldn't retrieve the frag in time to throw it back. The frag exploded and destroyed the droid, and it damaged several others. Freefall was stunned.

"What is wrong with that astromech? Has I had its memory wiped at all?" Freefall asked.

"He's always had this attitude since my crew got him. We liked it so much we didn't give him any memory wipes." Songbird said.

"I once knew an astromech like that. That particular astromech would be wielding weapons that could tear through these droids, though." Mand'alor said. He allowed himself the brief memory of T3-M4, the astromech of Revan and Meetra Surik.

"Any other droids, sir?" Freefall asked.

"Oh yes, a crazed assassin droid that masqueraded as a protocol droid." Mand'alor said. Freefall face palmed, or more accurately, helmet palmed.

"Force save me." He muttered as he opened fire again. Suddenly, a 2 circular forms burst from the brush, and they unfolded themselves, revealing them to be Droidekas. Mand'alor swore, and then looked at Stonechrome, an idea unfolding in his head. But it was cut short as he realized that droidekas had shields. Regardless, he rolled over to where Stonechrome stood.

"Open up a channel, all ground frequencies." Mand'alor ordered. Stonechrome chirped, and a little antenna popped up. A signal wave on his helmet's HUD showed him the channel was active.

"This is General Canderous Ordo, at Mactern beach head. Separatists are overrunning the beach and we need reinforcements. Any available soldiers divert to this location ASAP! Beware of enemy commandos in the forests behind the beach, repeat in the forests behind the beach!" Mand'alor said urgently. He cut the channel as a barrage from the droidekas crashed into the wreckage.

"How many do you think are out there?" Freefall asked. He fired a short burst at one of the droidekas which ricocheted off of its bubble shield.

"I dunno, but we need help, and fast." Songbird said. Unbeknownst to them, the transmission was received by a lone recon trooper out in the Kayshyyk Shadowlands. He sat in a hut made of mud, sticks, and the skin of animals that he had hunted. Nearby, a speeder bike lay, surprisingly well maintained; despite the location of the hut. The clone sat in the entry way to the hut, when he heard the transmission come in over his helmet.

"Humph, I think it's about time I came out of the dark." The trooper said. He grabbed his weapons: a high powered rifle, a blaster carbine, and a blaster pistol, and strode over to his bike. "Well old girl, time to start you up." He said, patting the bike. He activated it, and it roared to life, hovering a few feet off the ground. The trooper mounted the bike, and sped off towards Mactern beach, and to hell.

\*\*Yay, another, hopefully, good chapter completed! To be completely honest, when I put myself in the shoes of Songbird after seeing Spot On die, I nearly cried. As in actual tears. Go ahead and give me crap, but a clone's crew turns into family, and so I had to put myself in the boots of him, and the end result was me nearly crying tears over a fictional character that I had created. Anyways, so I also began to slightly introduce the very last character to be introduced to Canderous' little group on Kayshyyk. After this chapter, we'll be exploring a little of the infamous Kayshyyk Shadowlands, and we may find a ruin or soâ€¦ just saying. Anyways, moving on to the land of the real, school is now fully underway, so that means fewer chapters. But, I'm also looking to start my own YouTube channel, even in the midst of this. So, if you guys would kindly recommend a good type of gaming computer under \$1000, that would be most helpful. So guys, thank you so much for reading, and as always, this has been Innocentblaz686, burning out.\*\*

## 10. Author's Notes 2

Hello everybody, Innocentblaze686 here with an update on what has been going on in life so far. This update is going to cover a few things that I'll explain as I go along, but I'll start with the fanfiction updates first, and then move on to other stuff.

So for all you people who have been loyally following From Domination to Genocide, this first part of the update is for you. I'm going to be completely honest here: I need some help here today! I have officially hit a writer's block, something I really, really hate having. I'm also running dry on the writing ideas, so this is why I need help. I am calling upon you: the readers, favoriters (not sure that's a word), the reviewers, and the followers to help me. In the words of comedian Kevin Hart: "HELP ME! NIGGA, HELP ME!" By helping me I mean giving me ideas, beta reading the story for me, getting me connected with other authors who have written successful fanfictions. One of my must do New Year's resolutions was to finish From Domination to Genocide, and I intend to carry that resolution out. And speaking of which, I have had several of you readers/reviewers comment on the lack of Halo content within the story. I have been working on one such chapter that I have hit dead on and I need help. So this is where you guys can have a real impact on the story, and if you want to see some off the earlier chapters so that you can put a personal twist on them that would really make the story better in your eyes, just e-mail me. Hotmail account is benboyv98 , and I'll always find some way to answer you back. Just make sure to route all changes through me, and make sure you mark the changes so that I can read over them specifically and give you guys some feedback. This could also be considered a little practice for you guys if you're having with your own fanfictions, so just let me know if you want to help out.

Secondly, now we're moving into stuff in my life that I want to share. First and foremost: . Oh my dear Lord I love that website. If you have no clue what Kickstarter is, allow me to explain. If you are an aspiring artist, film maker, inventor, or indie gamer maker, this is where you could make it or break it. Kickstarter basically is a site for aspiring people who want to showcase their ideas for public backing and financial support. I swear to God, that I absolutely love the though put into this site. Now as a gamer, I first investigated the Games section. Guys, if you can, go over to Kickstarter, and back some of these amazing games that are coming out. They deserve more attention and they should be noticed. And trust me, you will love some of the stuff you'll see on Kickstarter. And update part 3 is from a Kickstarter discovery I made.

An Independent Gaming studio called Perihelion Interactive LLC out of Sacramento, California recently put on Kickstarter a game called "The Mandate." Before I go into to this, I have to ask you guys, how many of you guys ever wished to be that star ship captain like in Star Trek or in Star Wars, one that can interact with their crew and ship and be a true leader? Mandate gives you just that, and more. Now, I was unable to remember the name and I confused it with the Mantle, like the Forerunner ideal of upholding the galaxy in Halo. The Mandate does not differ much from that idea. Humanity essentially ruined Earth and took to the stars, and created the Mandate, which founded a Tsarist style Empire of Humanity. Now there is a rebellion

going on and you take the role of a disgraced Imperial captain who is offered a chance at redemption by the Empress. I cannot fully explain how amazing this game is, so here is the Kickstarter link: [projects/1964463742/the-mandate?ref=search](https://www.kickstarter.com/projects/1964463742/the-mandate?ref=search) , and the web link to the site:

Now here comes the 4th part of the update. In an attempt to bring back the edge I had in writing, I am going to start doing oneshots. This will hopefully get me back in the beat of things, and back to big time writing. This is also another place where you guys can jump in. In order to bring back my edge, I need to be able to frequently see other author's work so that I can learn from it. I would also like to say that I'm open to ideas, helping others, or even collaborating with another author on a fanfic. Again, email is listed in the second paragraph if you want to contact me, or just PM me, whichever.

Anyways guys and gals, if you've read all the way down here, thank you guys so much for hearing my update/call for help. This has been Innocentblaze686, burning out.

## 11. Author's Final Note

### Author's Note

Hey guys, just wanted to say thank you all so much for reading From Domination to Genocide. I apologize for the long wait for the story update but I am going to be shutting this down as I haven't worked on it in nearly a year. I'm working on another Star Wars/Halo crossover right now with most of the characters from the Knights of the Old Republic series, as it's easier to build upon them and I have more of connection to them then I do the Star Wars: Clone Wars characters. Again thanks so much for reading my works, and I hope you all have a Merry Christmas, and good readings!

End  
file.